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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XIX*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

From Susy's Biography of Me.

March 23, '86.—The other day was my birthday, and I had a little birthday party in the evening and papa acted some very funny charades with Mr. Gherhardt, Mr. Jesse Grant (who had come up from New York and was spending the evening with us) and Mr. Frank Warner. One of them was "on his knees" honys-sneeze. There were a good many other funny ones, all of which I dont remember. Mr. Grant was very pleasant, and began playing the charades in the most delightful way.

Susy's spelling has defeated me, this time. I cannot make out what "honys-sneeze" stands for. Impromptu charades were almost a nightly pastime of ours, from the children's earliest days —they played in them with me when they were only five or six years old. As they increased in years and practice their love

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for the sport almost amounted to a passion, and they acted their parts with a steadily increasing ability. At first they required much drilling; but later they were generally ready as soon as the parts were assigned, and they acted them according to their own devices. Their stage facility and absence of constraint and self-consciousness in the "Prince and Pauper" was a result of their charading practice.

At ten and twelve Susy wrote plays, and she and Daisy Warner and Clara played them in the library or up-stairs in the school-room, with only themselves and the servants for audience. They were of a tragic and tremendous sort, and were performed with great energy and earnestness. They were dramatized (freely) from English history, and in them Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth had few holidays. The clothes were borrowed from the mother's wardrobe and the gowns were longer than necessary, but that was not regarded as a defect. In one of these plays Jean (three years old, perhaps) was Sir Francis Bacon. She was not dressed for the part, and did not have to say anything, but sat silent and decorous at a tiny table and was kept busy signing death-warrants. It was a really important office, for few entered those plays and got out of them alive.

March 26.—Mamma and Papa have been in New York for two or three days, and Miss Corey has been staying with us. They are coming home to-day at two o'clock.

Papa has just begun to play chess, and he is very fond of it, so he has engaged to play with Mrs. Charles Warner every morning from 10 to 12, he came down to supper last night, full of this pleasant prospect, but evidently with something on his mind. Finally he said to mamma in an appologetical tone, Susy Warner and I have a plan.

"Well" mamma said "what now, I wonder?"

Papa said that Susy Warner and he were going to name the chess men after some of the old bible heroes, and then play chess on Sunday.

April 18, '86.—Mamma and papa Clara and Daisy have gone to New York to see the "Mikado." They are coming home to-night at half past seven.

Last winter when Mr. Cable was lecturing with papa, he wrote this letter to him just before he came to visit us.

DEAR UNCLE,—That's one nice thing about me, I never bother any one, to offer me a good thing twice. You dont ask me to stay over Sunday, but then you dont ask me to leave Saturday night, and

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knowing the nobility of your nature as I do—thank you, I'll stay till Monday morning.*

Your's and the dear familie's

GEORGE W. CABLE.

[*December 22, 1906.*] It seems a prodigious while ago! Two or three nights ago I dined at a friend's house with a score of other men, and at my side was Cable—actually almost an old man, really almost an old man, that once so young chap! 62 years old, frost on his head, seven grandchildren in stock, and a brand-new wife to re-begin life with!

[*Dictated Nov. 19, 1906.*]

Ever since papa and mamma were married, papa has written his books and then taken them to mamma in manuscript and she has expergated them. Papa read "Huckleberry Finn" to us in manuscript just before it came out, and then he would leave parts of it with mamma to expergate, while he went off up to the study to work, and sometimes Clara and I would be sitting with mamma while she was looking the manuscript over, and I remember so well, with what pangs of regret we used to see her turn down the leaves of the pages, which meant that some delightfully dreadful part must be scratched out. And I remember one part pertickularly which was perfectly fascinating it was dreadful, that Clara and I used to delight in, and oh with what dispair we saw mamma turn down the leaf on which it was written, we thought the book would be almost ruined without it. But we gradually came to feel as mamma did.

It would be a pity to replace the vivacity and quaintness and felicity of Susy's innocent free spelling with the dull and petrified uniformities of the spelling-book. Nearly all the grimness is taken out of the "expergating" of my books by the subtle mollification accidentally infused into the word by Susy's modification of the spelling of it.

I remember the special case mentioned by Susy, and can see the group yet—two-thirds of it pleading for the life of the culprit sentence that was so fascinatingly dreadful and the other third of it patiently explaining why the court could not grant the prayer of the pleaders; but I do not remember what the condemned phrase was. It had much company, and they all went to the gallows; but it is possible that that specially dreadful one which gave those little people so much delight was cunningly devised and put into the book for just that function, and not

* Cable never travelled Sundays.

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with any hope or expectation that it would get by the "expergator" alive. It is possible, for I had that custom.

Susy's quaint and effective spelling falls quite opportunely into to-day's atmosphere, which is heavy with the rumblings and grumblings and mutterings of the Simplified Spelling Reform. Andrew Carnegie started this storm, a couple of years ago, by moving a simplifying of English orthography, and establishing a fund for the prosecution and maintenance of the crusade. He began gently. He addressed a circular to some hundreds of his friends, asking them to simplify the spelling of a dozen of our badly spelt words—I think they were only words which end with the superfluous *ugh*. He asked that these friends use the suggested spellings in their private correspondence.

By this, one perceives that the beginning was sufficiently quiet and unaggressive.

Next stage: a small committee was appointed, with Brander Matthews for managing director and spokesman. It issued a list of three hundred words, of average silliness as to spelling, and proposed new and sane spellings for these words. The President of the United States, unsolicited, adopted these simplified three hundred officially, and ordered that they be used in the official documents of the Government. It was now remarked, by all the educated and the thoughtful except the clergy that Sheol was to pay. This was most justly and comprehensively descriptive. The indignant British lion rose, with a roar that was heard across the Atlantic, and stood there on his little isle, gazing, red-eyed, out over the glooming seas, snow-flecked with driving spindrift, and lashing his tail—a most scary spectacle to see.

The lion was outraged because we, a nation of children, without any grown-up people among us, with no property in the language, but using it merely by courtesy of its owner the English nation, were trying to defile the sacredness of it by removing from it peculiarities which had been its ornament and which had made it holy and beautiful for ages.

In truth there is a certain sardonic propriety in preserving our orthography, since ours is a mongrel language which started with a child's vocabulary of three hundred words, and now consists of two hundred and twenty-five thousand; the whole lot, with the exception of the original and legitimate three hundred,

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borrowed, stolen, smouched from every unwatched language under the sun, the spelling of each individual word of the lot locating the source of the theft and preserving the memory of the revered crime.

Why is it that I have intruded into this turmoil and manifested a desire to get our orthography purged of its asininities? Indeed I do not know why I should manifest any interest in the matter, for at bottom I disrespect our orthography most heartily, and as heartily disrespect everything that has been said by anybody in defence of it. Nothing professing to be a defence of our ludicrous spellings has had any basis, so far as my observation goes, except sentimentality. In these "arguments" the term venerable is used instead of mouldy, and hallowed instead of devilish; whereas there is nothing properly venerable or antique about a language which is not yet four hundred years old, and about a jumble of imbecile spellings which were grotesque in the beginning, and which grow more and more grotesque with the flight of the years.

[*Dictated Monday, November 30, 1906.*]

Jean and Papa were walking out past the barn the other day when Jean saw some little newly born baby ducks, she exclaimed as she perceived them "I dont see why God gives us so much ducks when Patrick kills them so."

Susy is mistaken as to the origin of the ducks. They were not a gift, I bought them. I am not finding fault with her, for that would be most unfair. She is remarkably accurate in her statements as a historian, as a rule, and it would not be just to make much of this small slip of hers; besides I think it was a quite natural slip, for by heredity and habit ours was a religious household, and it was a common thing with us whenever anybody did a handsome thing, to give the credit of it to Providence, without examining into the matter. This may be called automatic religion—in fact that is what it is; it is so used to its work that it can do it without your help or even your privity; out of all the facts and statistics that may be placed before it, it will always get the one result, since it has never been taught to seek any other. It is thus the unreflecting cause of much injustice. As we have seen, it betrayed Susy into an injustice toward me. It had to be automatic, for she would have been

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far from doing me an injustice when in her right mind. It was a dear little biographer, and she meant me no harm, and I am not censuring her now, but am only desirous of correcting in advance an erroneous impression which her words would be sure to convey to a reader's mind. No elaboration of this matter is necessary; it is sufficient to say *I* provided the ducks.

It was in Hartford. The greensward sloped down-hill from the house to the sluggish little river that flowed through the grounds, and Patrick, who was fertile in good ideas, had early conceived the idea of having home-made ducks for our table. Every morning he drove them from the stable down to the river, and the children were always there to see and admire the waddling white procession; they were there again at sunset to see Patrick conduct the procession back to its lodgings in the stable. But this was not always a gay and happy holiday show, with joy in it for the witnesses; no, too frequently there was a tragedy connected with it, and then there were tears and pain for the children. There was a stranded log or two in the river, and on these certain families of snapping-turtles used to congregate and drowse in the sun and give thanks, in their dumb way, to Providence for benevolence extended to them. It was but another instance of misplaced credit; it was the young ducks that those pious reptiles were so thankful for — whereas they were *my* ducks. I bought the ducks.

When a crop of young ducks, not yet quite old enough for the table but approaching that age, began to join the procession, and paddle around in the sluggish water, and give thanks—not to me—for that privilege, the snapping-turtles would suspend their songs of praise and slide off the logs and paddle along under the water and chew the feet of the young ducks. Presently Patrick would notice that two or three of those little creatures were not moving about, but were apparently at anchor, and were not looking as thankful as they had been looking a short time before. He early found out what that sign meant—a submerged snapping-turtle was taking his breakfast, and silently singing his gratitude. Every day or two Patrick would rescue and fetch up a little duck with incomplete legs to stand upon—nothing left of their extremities but gnawed and bleeding stumps. Then the children said pitying things and wept — and at dinner we finished the tragedy which the turtles had begun. Thus, as will be seen—

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out of season, at least—it was really the turtles that gave us so much ducks. At my expense.

Papa has written a new version of "There is a happy land" it is—

"There is a boarding-house
Far, far away,
Where they have ham and eggs,
Three times a day,
Oh dont those boarders yell
When they hear the dinner-bell,
They give that land-lord rats
Three times a day."

Again Susy has made a small error. It was not I that wrote the song. I heard Billy Rice sing it in the negro minstrel show, and I brought it home and sang it—with great spirit—for the elevation of the household. The children admired it to the limit, and made me sing it with burdensome frequency. To their minds it was superior to the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

How many years ago that was! Where now is Billy Rice? He was a joy to me, and so were the other stars of the nigger-show—Billy Birch, David Wambold, Backus, and a delightful dozen of their brethren, who made life a pleasure to me forty years ago, and later. Birch, Wambold, and Backus are gone years ago; and with them departed to return no more forever, I suppose, the real nigger-show—the genuine nigger-show, the extravagant nigger-show,—the show which to me had no peer and whose peer has not yet arrived, in my experience. We have the grand opera; and I have witnessed, and greatly enjoyed, the first act of everything which Wagner created, but the effect on me has always been so powerful that one act was quite sufficient; whenever I have witnessed two acts I have gone away physically exhausted; and whenever I have ventured an entire opera the result has been the next thing to suicide. But if I could have the nigger-show back again, in its pristine purity and perfection, I should have but little further use for opera. It seems to me that to the elevated mind and the sensitive spirit the hand-organ and the nigger-show are a standard and a summit to whose rarefied altitude the other forms of musical art may not hope to reach.

[*Dictated September 5, 1906.*] It is years since I have examined "The Children's Record." I have turned over a few of its pages this morning. This book is a record in which Mrs. Clemens

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and I registered some of the sayings and doings of the children, in the long ago, when they were little chaps. Of course, we wrote these things down at the time because they were of momentary interest—things of the passing hour, and of no permanent value—but at this distant day I find that they still possess an interest for me and also a value, because it turns out that they were *registrations of character*. The qualities then revealed by fitful glimpses, in childish acts and speeches, remained as a permanency in the children's characters in the drift of the years, and were always afterwards clearly and definitely recognizable.

There is a masterful streak in Jean that now and then moves her to set my authority aside for a moment and end a losing argument in that prompt and effective fashion. And here in this old book I find evidence that she was just like that before she was quite four years old.

From The Children's Record. Quarry Farm, July 7, 1884.—Yesterday evening our cows (after being inspected and worshipped by Jean from the shed for an hour,) wandered off down into the pasture, and left her bereft. I thought I was going to get back home, now, but that was an error. Jean knew of some more cows, in a field somewhere, and took my hand and led me thitherward. When we turned the corner and took the right-hand road, I saw that we should presently be out of range of call and sight; so I began to argue against continuing the expedition, and Jean began to argue in favor of it—she using English for light skirmishing, and German for "business." I kept up my end with vigor, and demolished her arguments in detail, one after the other, till I judged I had her about cornered. She hesitated a moment, then answered up sharply:

"*Wir werden nichts mehr darüber sprechen!*" (We won't talk any more about it!)

It nearly took my breath away; though I thought I might possibly have misunderstood. I said:

"Why, you little rascal! *Was hast du gesagt?*"

But she said the same words over again, and in the same decided way. I suppose I ought to have been outraged; but I wasn't, I was charmed. And I suppose I ought to have spanked her; but I didn't, I fraternized with the enemy, and we went on and spent half an hour with the cows.

That incident is followed in the "Record" by the following paragraph, which is another instance of a juvenile characteristic maintaining itself into mature age. Susy was persistently and conscientiously truthful throughout her life with the exception of one interruption covering several months, and perhaps a year.

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This was while she was still a little child. Suddenly—not gradually—she began to lie; not furtively, but frankly, openly, and on a scale quite disproportioned to her size. Her mother was so stunned, so nearly paralyzed for a day or two, that she did not know what to do with the emergency. Reasonings, persuasions, beseechings, all went for nothing; they produced no effect; the lying went tranquilly on. Other remedies were tried, but they failed. There is a tradition that success was finally accomplished by whipping. I think the Record says so, but if it does it is because the Record is incomplete. Whipping was indeed tried, and was faithfully kept up during two or three weeks, but the results were merely temporary; the reforms achieved were discouragingly brief.

Fortunately for Susy, an incident presently occurred which put a complete stop to all the mother's efforts in the direction of reform. This incident was the chance discovery in Darwin of a passage which said that when a child exhibits a sudden and unaccountable disposition to forsake the truth and restrict itself to lying, the explanation must be sought away back in the past; that an ancestor of the child had had the same disease, at the same tender age; that it was irremovable by persuasion or punishment, and that it had ceased as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had come, when it had run its appointed course. I think Mr. Darwin said that nothing was necessary but to leave the matter alone and let the malady have its way and perish by the statute of limitations.

We had confidence in Darwin, and after that day Susy was relieved of our reformatory persecutions. She went on lying without let or hindrance during several months, or a year; then the lying suddenly ceased, and she became as conscientiously and exactingly truthful as she had been before the attack, and she remained so to the end of her life.

The paragraph in the Record to which I have been leading up is in my handwriting, and is of a date so long posterior to the time of the lying malady that she had evidently forgotten that truth-speaking had ever had any difficulties for her.

Mama was speaking of a servant who had been pretty unveracious, but was now "trying to tell the truth." Susy was a good deal surprised, and said she shouldn't think anybody would have to *try* to tell the truth.

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In the Record the children's acts and speeches quite definitely define their characters. Susy's indicated the presence of mentality — thought — and they were generally marked by gravity. She was timid, on her physical side, but had an abundance of moral courage. Clara was sturdy, independent, orderly, practical, persistent, plucky—just a little animal, and very satisfactory. Charles Dudley Warner said Susy was made of mind, and Clara of matter.

When Motley, the kitten, died, some one said that the thoughts of the two children need not be inquired into, they could be divined: that Susy was wondering if this was the *end* of Motley, and had his life been worth while; whereas Clara was merely interested in seeing to it that there should be a creditable funeral.

In those days Susy was a dreamer, a thinker, a poet and philosopher, and Clara—well, Clara wasn't. In after-years a passion for music developed the latent spirituality and intellectuality in Clara, and her practicality took second and, in fact, even third place. Jean was from the beginning orderly, steady, diligent, persistent; and remains so. She picked up languages easily, and kept them.

Susy aged eleven, Jean three.—Susy said the other day when she saw Jean bringing a cat to me of her own motion, "Jean has found out already that mamma loves morals and papa loves cats."

It is another of Susy's remorselessly sound verdicts.

As a child, Jean neglected my books. When she was nine years old Will Gillette invited her and the rest of us to a dinner at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York, in order that we might get acquainted with Mrs. Leslie and her daughters. Elsie Leslie was nine years old, and was a great celebrity on the stage. Jean was astonished and awed to see that little slip of a thing sit up at table and take part in the conversation of the grown people, capably and with ease and tranquillity. Poor Jean was obliged to keep still, for the subjects discussed never happened to hit her level, but at last the talk fell within her limit and she had her chance to contribute to it. "Tom Sawyer" was mentioned. Jean spoke gratefully up and said,

"I know who wrote that book—Harriet Beecher Stowe!"

One evening Susy had prayed, Clara was curled up for sleep; she was reminded that it was her turn to pray now. She said "Oh! one's enough," and dropped off to slumber.

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Clara five years old.—We were in Germany. The nurse, Rosa, was not allowed to speak to the children otherwise than in German. Clara grew very tired of it; by and by the little creature's patience was exhausted, and she said "Aunt Clara, I wish God had made Rosa in English."

Clara four years old, Susy six.—This morning when Clara discovered that this is my birthday, she was greatly troubled because she had provided no gift for me, and repeated her sorrow several times. Finally she went musing to the nursery and presently returned with her newest and dearest treasure, a large toy horse, and said, "You shall have this horse for your birthday, papa."

I accepted it with many thanks. After an hour she was racing up and down the room with the horse, when Susy said,

"Why Clara, you gave that horse to papa, and now you've tooken it again."

Clara.—"I never give it to him for always; I give it to him for his birthday."

In Geneva, in September, I lay abed late one morning, and as Clara was passing through the room I took her on my bed a moment. Then the child went to Clara Spaulding and said,

"Aunt Clara, papa is a good deal of trouble to me."

"Is he? Why?"

"Well, he wants me to get in bed with him, and I can't do that with jelmuls [gentlemen]—I don't like jelmuls anyway."

"What, you don't like gentlemen! Don't you like Uncle Theodore Crane?"

"Oh yes, but he's not a jelmul, he's a friend."

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

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INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

BY HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE subject of the following article acquires a special interest from the circumstance that the Conference on International Arbitration is expected to commence its sessions at The Hague during the present summer.

Nearly two thousand years ago, the first words that were uttered to announce the birth of the Saviour of mankind, were those of the angelic anthem containing a proclamation of peace to the world: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." And the first words of the risen Saviour to His assembled Apostles were also a message of blessed peace: "Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be to you."

Christ's mission on earth was to establish a triple peace in the hearts of men—peace with God by the observance of His commandments, peace with our fellow men by the practice of justice and charity, and peace within our own breasts by keeping our passions subject to reason, and our reason in harmony with the Divine law. He came above all "to break down the middle wall of partition" that divided nation from nation, that alienated tribe from tribe, and people from people, and to make them all one family acknowledging the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ. But, looking back and contemplating the wars that have ravaged the Christian world during the last twenty centuries, some persons might be tempted at first sight to exclaim in anguish of heart that the mission of Christ was a failure. My purpose, in the brief remarks that I shall make, is to disabuse the faint-hearted of this discouraging impression, and to show that Christ's mission has not failed, but that the cause of peace has made decisive and reassuring progress, and the advances it has already made are an assurance of its ultimate success.

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It is by comparisons and contrasts that we can most effectually gauge the results of Christian civilization.

Let us compare the military history of the Roman Empire, from its foundation to the time of Augustus Cæsar, with the military record of our American Republic, from the close of the Revolution to the present time.

In pagan Rome, war was the rule, peace was the exception. The Temple of Janus in Rome was always open in time of war, and was closed in time of peace. From the reign of Romulus to the time of Augustus Cæsar, a period of seven hundred years, the Temple of Janus was always open, except twice, when it was closed for only six years. It was subsequently closed at the birth of Christ, as if to symbolize the pacific mission of the Redeemer of mankind.

The United States has existed as a sovereign nation for about one hundred and twenty years, since the close of the Revolution. During that period, we have had four wars—the War with England, from 1812 to 1815; the War with Mexico, from 1845 to 1848; the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865; and the recent Spanish War. The combined length of these campaigns was about ten years. Hence, we see that the United States has enjoyed twelve years of peace for one year of war, while the Roman Empire enjoyed less than one year of tranquillity for every century of military engagements. I may remark, in passing, that at least three of these four military campaigns might have been easily averted by peaceful arbitration, and that a large share of the responsibility for them rests at our doors.

What is the history of the Hebrew people, as recorded in the pages of the Old Testament, but a narrative of warfare? The Sacred Chronicle, from Moses to the Maccabees, comprising fourteen hundred years, presents an almost unbroken series of wars of defence, of invasion, or of extermination. So continuous were military campaigns that a sacred writer refers to a time in the year when hostilities were annually resumed: "It came to pass at the return of the year, at the time when kings go forth to war." They had their season for fighting as well marked as we have our seasons for planting and reaping.

But the blessed influence of our Christian civilization has been experienced not only in reducing the number of wars, but still more in mitigating the horrors of military strife.

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Prior to the dawn of Christianity, the motto of the conqueror was: "*Væ victis*," "Woe to the vanquished." The captured cities were pillaged and laid waste. The wives and daughters of the defeated nation became the prey of the ruthless soldiery. The conquered generals and their armies were obliged to grace the triumphs of the victors before they were condemned to death or to ignominious bondage. Alexander the Great, after the capture of the city of Tyre, ordered two thousand of the inhabitants to be crucified, and the remainder of the population were put to death or sold into slavery.

How different was the conduct of General Scott after his successful siege of the City of Mexico! As soon as the enemy surrendered, not a single soldier or citizen was sacrificed to the vengeance of the victorious army, and not a single family was exiled from their native land.

During the siege of Jerusalem, in the year 70 of the Christian era, under Titus the Roman general, more than a million of Jews perished by the sword or by famine. Nearly one hundred thousand Jews were carried into captivity. The sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem were borne away by the blood-stained hands of the Roman army. Simon, the Jewish chieftain, with the flower of the Jewish troops, was conducted to Rome, where he graced the triumph of the Roman General, and then a rope was thrown around his neck and he was dragged to the Forum, where he was cruelly tormented and put to death. And yet Titus was not accused by his contemporaries of exceptional cruelty. On the contrary, he was regarded as a benevolent ruler, and was called "The delight of the human race."

Let us contrast the conduct of Titus towards the Jews with General Grant's treatment of the defeated Confederate forces. When General Lee surrendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox Court House, he and his brave army were permitted to return without molestation to their respective homes.

Imagine General Lee and his veterans led in chains to Washington, followed by the spoils and treasures of Southern homes and Southern sanctuaries. Imagine the same Confederate soldiers compelled to erect, in the capital of the nation, a monument to commemorate their own defeat and the triumph of the conqueror. Would not the whole nation rise up in its might and denounce a degradation so revolting to their humanity?

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The Roman and the American Generals, in their opposite conduct, were reflecting the spirit of the time in which they lived. Titus, in exercising cruelty towards the vanquished, was following the traditions of Paganism. Grant, in his magnanimity towards the Confederate troops, was obeying the mandates of Christian civilization.

The friends and advocates of International Arbitration are engaged in the most noble and benevolent mission that can engross the attention of mankind—a mission to which are attached the most sublime title and the most precious reward. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Consider what progress has already been made in the beneficent work in which they are enlisted.

A hundred years ago disputes between individuals were commonly decided by duels. Thanks to the humanizing influence of a Christian public opinion, these disagreements are now usually adjusted by legislation and conciliation. Have we not reason to indulge the hope that the same pacific agencies which have checked the duel between individuals will, in God's own time, check the duel between nations?

In our schoolboy days the most odious and contemptible creature we used to encounter was the bully, who played the tyrant towards the weak but cringed before his strong companions. But still more intolerable is a bullying nation that picks a quarrel with a feeble nation, with the base intent of seizing her possessions. This bullying Power is playing towards a weaker neighbor the rôle which the impious King Ahab acted towards Naboth. When the King demanded Naboth's vineyard, Naboth answered: "The Lord forbid that I should give to thee the inheritance of my fathers." But there was no Board of Arbitration in those days; might was right with Ahab. He robbed Naboth, not only of his vineyard, but also of his life.

Let the friends and advocates of International Arbitration use every effort to protect the weak against the strong, and then to the ruler of a feeble nation may be applied the words of the poet:

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

(1) He is armed with the consciousness of the sacred right of property.

(2) He is armed with the shield of an enlightened public opinion.

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(3) He is armed with the conviction that his cause will be adjudicated by the equitable decision of a Board of Arbitration.

This amicable system, while protecting the rights of the weak, will not wound the national pride of the strong, since it does not attempt to trench on the sovereignty of the stronger Power.

I can recall at least five instances within the last twenty years in which international conflicts have been amicably settled by arbitration. The dispute between Germany and Spain regarding the Caroline Islands was adjusted by Pope Leo XIII in 1886. The Samoan difficulty between Germany and the United States was settled by a conference held in Berlin in 1889. A treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was signed in Washington at the close of Mr. Cleveland's administration. And, a few months ago, a war between France and Germany—perhaps a general European conflict—was averted by the Algeciras conference on Morocco.

Lastly, President Roosevelt, by his timely and tactful intervention, put an end to the late destructive war between Russia and Japan. As a recognition of his daring act of humanity (for failure would have seriously compromised his official dignity), he was presented with the Nobel prize, including a gold medal, which, no doubt, he esteems far less for its intrinsic value than for the memorable historic incident which it commemorates.

If international arbitration helps to avert threatening hostilities, the avoidance of any entangling alliance removes us from the danger of provoking them.

The Father of his Country, in his Farewell Address, which he left as a precious legacy to his countrymen, earnestly exhorts them to abstain from being involved in entangling alliances with other nations, and to cultivate friendship with all of them. This solemn admonition was reaffirmed by Jefferson in his Inaugural Address, and it has been handed down from one Administration to another as a sacred oracle, and has now acquired almost the force and authority of law. Washington wrote:

"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations, cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this counsel. It will be worthy of a free, enlightened and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too often novel example of a people always guided by exalted justice and benevolence.

"Nothing is more essential than that inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments to others should be ex-

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cluded, and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is a slave to its animosity or to its affections. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. . . .

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have no, or a very remote, relation. Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are entirely foreign to our concerns. Hence, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or in the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or her enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . .

"Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? . . . Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, honor or caprice?

"Our policy is to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

Since these memorable words were written in 1796, experience and observation, far from weakening their force, have confirmed their wisdom and foresight, and their observance has contributed no small share to our peace and prosperity.

As soon as we form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with any other nation, we make her quarrels and hostilities our own. Her enemies are our enemies. We are tied to her chariot wheels. We must perforce increase our land and naval armament to suit her purposes. She will urge and almost compel us to do so if we are to remain her champion. It is implied in the compact.

By throwing ourselves into the arms of one interested ally we alienate ourselves from other nations, which become inflamed toward us with a spirit of jealousy, or even of open hostility.

The European Powers are impelled to form coalitions for reasons which, happily for us, do not affect our country. Their history is marked by traditional and inveterate rivalries and animosities towards each other.

Each nation has on her borders a formidable Power, one watching the other with a jealous eye, eager to profit by her weakness, and to wrest from her a slice of her territory, if not to absorb it all. Hence, they feel compelled, in self-defence, to be fully armed and to form as many combinations as they can with other nations.

When our forefathers sailed across the Atlantic to this Western World they cut adrift from those long-standing and deep-rooted

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national rivalries and encounters in which the mother countries have been embroiled. And, thank God, our own internecine conflict between the States is as much an event of the past as the wars in England between the Houses of York and Lancaster.

Fortunately for us, our geographical situation isolates us from dangerous proximity to aggressive adversaries. We are providentially protected by our natural boundaries. We are bordered on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by the Pacific, we are bounded on the north by friendly colonies, and on the south by a sister republic, which, far from arousing our apprehension, values our strength as a protection against foreign invasion.

Hence, instead of forming leagues with some other Governments, let us continue to pursue a more humane, enlightened and statesmanlike policy by fostering and developing our commercial relations with all the nations of the world.

Let the streams of commerce flow between Europe and America like invigorating blood coursing through the arteries of the human body, diffusing life and activity, and all forming, as it were, one social organism, each member exulting in the health and growth of the other, and stimulating the remotest parts with renewed energy and activity. Let our business interests with those Commonwealths be so inseparable and reciprocal that the injury to one will be felt by the others, and the prosperity of one will be shared by all.

Besides entering into closer commercial relations with European nations, let us form a still more friendly compact with them by welcoming their thrifty sons and daughters to share our fortunes in this favored country. It cannot be denied that our exceptional prosperity as a nation in the past century has been due in no small measure to the tide of immigration.

We are a composite Commonwealth, evolved from various races, peoples and tongues. The blood of Celt, Teuton and Anglo-Saxon, of Latin and Lithuanian, of Sclavonian and Scandinavian, flows through the veins of Columbia. It would be unnatural for the Mother to be partial to one race at the expense of the others. She would arouse the jealousy of her sons at home, and of their kinsfolk across the seas.

Let us continue to invite the people of Europe to our shores. Let us give them the right hand of fellowship, embracing them as brothers, holding out to them every opportunity of advancing their

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material interests, inspiring them with so great an admiration for our civil and political institutions that they may be impelled to be incorporated with us, becoming "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," begetting and rearing children who, while they cherish the land of their fathers, will love still more the land of their birth.

May the immigrants become so enamored of our country that they will be eager to exclaim in the language of Ruth to Naomi: "Where you shall dwell, we also will dwell; your people shall be our people, and your God our God."

It is surprising with what rapidity the descendants of immigrants become assimilated with the native population. Climatic influences, intermarriages and education, social, political and business relations, so mould and shape the physical and mental texture of the new generation that it is often difficult to determine to what European nation their grandparents or even their parents belonged, unless their ancestry be disclosed by their patronymic.

When we contemplate the constant and steady stream of immigrants flowing from Europe to this Land of Promise, bent on deeds not of war, but of peace and industry; on a mission not of destruction, but of construction; coming not to exterminate, but to join hands with the descendants of the early settlers in developing the resources of the country; and when we survey this scene, the glorious vision of the Prophet Isaiah is pictured before us: "Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all these are gathered together, they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee."

Let us cherish the hope that the day is not far off when the reign of the Prince of Peace will be firmly established on the earth, and the spirit of the Gospel will so far sway the minds and hearts of Rulers and Cabinets that international disputes will be decided, not by standing armies, but by permanent courts of arbitration—when they will be settled, not on the battle-field, but in the halls of conciliation, and will be adjusted, not by the sword, but by the pen, which "is mightier than the sword."

JAMES CARD. GIBBONS.

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A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF SOCIALISM.—IV.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

THE belief that socialism represents a practicable form of society, as I showed in the preceding article, has been, and still is, defended by its exponents on two different and contradictory grounds. One of these is a doctrine relating to the labor of ordinary men; the other is a doctrine relating to a proposed alteration in the motives which will enable society to secure for itself the services of men who are exceptional.

Socialism in its original form—the socialism of the school of Marx—which is still the socialism preached by socialistic propagandists to the masses, says: "The many do everything in production; the few do absolutely nothing. We need not, therefore, trouble ourselves with considering the position of the latter. We have nothing to do but to dispossess them, and their whole inheritance shall be ours." The intellectual socialism of to-day, though it promises the same results, rejects this original version of the socialistic gospel with disdain, and is now repreaching it in an amended and a totally different form. "We by no means affirm," it says, "that the exceptional few do nothing, and that ordinary labor, independently of other forces, produces all or even most of the wealth of the modern world. On the contrary, we recognize that the directive ability of the few, which the earlier socialists ignored, produces the larger part of it; and we must get them to exert this ability precisely as they do now. But they shall exert it for us on our own terms; for we will effect such a change in their characters that whatever they produce they will allow us to take away from them, and the whole of their inheritance shall be ours precisely as Karl Marx promised."

Now, what I propose to point out in the present article is that both these theories of socialism, contradictory as they are in their

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details, rest alike on a fallacy, which is in both cases fundamentally the same. This fallacy consists in an ascription to democratic societies, or rather to democratic majorities, if sufficiently large and unanimous, of powers which are beyond the reach of any kind of government whatsoever. Such an ascription of imaginary powers to the so-called "sovereign" people is, however, by no means peculiar to socialists, who are guilty of nothing but pushing it to its full logical consequences; and I will begin with illustrating it by the arguments of a writer who is not a socialist, but who has recently approached, from a more or less conservative standpoint, this precise question of motive with which we have just been concerned ourselves.

A special propriety attaches to my reference to this writer here, for the arguments to which I am about to refer were published last summer in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW;* and the author, who hides his personality under the signature "X," may be said to be one of the best-known and most highly respected of the living philosophers of America. The subject with which he deals in the article from which I am about to quote is the growth in America, not of large, but of colossal, fortunes, which have certainly had no parallel in the past history of the world. The position of "X" is that the growth of such fortunes is deplorable, partly because they are possible instruments of judicial and political corruption, and partly because they excite antagonism against private wealth in general by exhibiting it to the gaze of the multitude in such monstrous and grotesque proportions. In any case, says "X," "it is to the true interest of the multimillionaires themselves to join those who are free from envy in trying to remove the rapidly growing dissatisfaction with their continued possession of these vast sums of money."

Now, though "X" hints that some of the fortunes in question may be open to farther reprehension, on the ground that they have been acquired dishonestly, he by no means maintains that this opprobrium attaches itself to the great majority of them. On the contrary, he admits that the typical huge fortunes of America are based on the productive activities of the remarkable men who have amassed them. The talents of such men, he says, are essential to the prosperity of the country, and it is necessary to stimu-

* I criticised them myself in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in an article published shortly afterwards.

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late such men to develop their talents to the utmost by allowing them to derive for themselves some special reward for their use of these talents; but he contends that the rewards which they are at present permitted to appropriate are needlessly and dangerously excessive, and ought therefore to be limited. But limited by what means? It is his answer to this question that here alone concerns us.

The means, he says, by which these rewards may be limited are ready to hand, and can be applied with the utmost ease. They are provided by the democratic Constitution of the United States of America. "No one can doubt, for example," he goes on to observe, "that, if the majority of the voters of the State of New York chose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking, they could readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which would limit every citizen of New York State to such income as the majority of voters considers sufficient for him. And it would be particularly easy," adds the writer, "to alienate the property of every man at death, for it is only necessary to repeal the statutes now authorizing the descent of such property to the heirs and legatees of the decedent." Here, then, according to "X," is an obvious way out of the difficulty, the feasibility of which no one can doubt. A certain minority of the citizens render services essential to the majority; but these advantages are accompanied by a corresponding drawback. The majority, by the simple use of their sovereign power as legislators, can retain the former, and get rid of the latter. The remedy is in their own hands.

It would be difficult to imagine an illustration more vivid than this of the error to which I am now referring—the common error of ascribing to majorities in democratic communities powers which they do not possess, and which, as I said before, no kind of government possesses, whether it be that of a democracy or of an autocrat. That a majority of the voters in any democratic country can enact any laws they please at any given moment which happen to be in accordance with what "X" calls their then "way of thinking," and perhaps enforce them for a moment, is no doubt perfectly true. But life is not made up of isolated moments or periods. It is a continuous process, in which each moment is affected by the moments that have gone before, and by the prospective character of the moments that are to come after. If it were not for this fact, the majority of the voters of New

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York State, "by electing a Governor of their own way of thinking," might not only put a limit to the income which any citizen might possess. It might do a great deal more besides. It might enact a law which limited the amount which any citizen might eat. It might limit everybody to two ounces a day. Besides enacting that no father should bequeath his wealth to his children, it might enact just as readily that no father should have the custody of his children. It might enact, in obedience to the persuasions of some plausible quack, that no one should take any medicines but a single all-curing pill. There is nothing in the principles so solemnly laid down by "X" which would render any of these enactments more impossible than those which he himself contemplates. But, if such enactments were made by the so-called all-powerful majority, through a Governor of their own way of thinking, what would be the result? If a law forbade the citizens to eat enough to keep themselves alive, it might perhaps be obeyed throughout Monday, but it would be broken by Tuesday morning. A law which deprived fathers of the care of their own children might just as well be a law which decreed that no children should be born. A law which decreed that no remedy but the same quack pill should be applied to any disease, whether cholera, appendicitis or smallpox, would be either disregarded from the beginning, or would soon be repealed by a pestilence. In short, if any one of these ridiculous laws were enacted, the very voters who voted for it would disregard it as soon as they realized its consequences, and the work which they did as legislators they would tear to pieces as men. In other words, if we mean, by legislation, legislation which can be permanently obeyed, the legislative sovereignty of democracies, which is so commonly spoken of as supreme, is limited in every direction by another power greater than itself; and this is the double power of nature and of human nature. Just as all laws relating to the food which men are to eat, and the drugs by which their maladies are to be cured, must depend on the natural qualities of such and such physical substances, so do the constitution and propensities of the concrete human character limit legislation generally, and confine it within certain channels.

This is what "X" and similar thinkers forget; and the nature of their error is very pertinently illustrated by an observation of the English jurist, Lord Coleridge, to which "X" solemnly re-

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fers, as corroborating him in his own wisdom. "The same power," says Lord Coleridge, "which prescribes rules for the possession of property can of course alter them"; this power being the legislative body of whatever country may be in question. It is easy to see the manner in which Lord Coleridge reasons. Because, in any country, the formulation and enforcement of laws have the will of the governing body as the proximate cause which determines them, it seems to Lord Coleridge that, in this contemporary will, the laws thus formulated and enforced have their ultimate cause also. For example, according to him, the entire institution of property in the State of New York is virtually a fresh creation of the voters from year to year, and has nothing else behind it. But, in reality, all this business of formulation and enforcement is a secondary process, not a primary process at all. Lord Coleridge is simply inverting the actual order of things. Half the existing "rules prescribed as to the possession of property" have, for their ultimate object, the protection of family life, the privacy of the private home, and the provision made by parents for their children. But family life is not primarily the creation of prescribed rules. It is the creation of instincts and affections which have developed themselves in the course of ages. Instead of the law creating family life, it is family life which has gradually called into being—which has created and dictated—the rules and sanctions protecting it. The same is the case with bequest, marriage, and so forth. The conduct of civilized men is bound to conform to laws, but the laws must first conform to general human practice. They merely give precision to conduct which has a deeper origin than legislation. Laws, in fact, may be compared to soldiers' uniforms. These, within certain limits, may be varied indefinitely by a war-office; but they all must be such as will adapt themselves to the human body and its movements. The will of a government may prescribe that the trousers shall be tight or loose, that they shall be black or brown or bright green or vermilion. But no government can prescribe that they shall be only three inches round the waist, or that the soldiers' sleeves shall start, not from the shoulders, but from the pockets of the coat tails. The human body is here a legislator which is supreme over all governments; and just the same thing is true with regard to the human character.

Now, the curious thing with regard to "X" is that he is all

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along assuming this fundamental fact himself; though he utterly fails to put two and two together, and see how this fact conflicts with the omnipotence which he ascribes to legislation. Let us go back to the assertion, which embodies his whole practical argument, that the majority of the voters in New York State could, without interfering with the activity of any one of its citizens, limit incomes in any manner they pleased, and alienate with even greater ease the property of every man at his death; and let us see what he hastens to say as the sequel to this oracular utterance.

These powers of the sovereign majority, which he is apparently so anxious to invoke, would, he says, be practically much less formidable in their action than timid persons might anticipate. And why would they be less formidable? "Because," says "X," "although each man, by reason of his manhood alone, has an equal voice with every other man in making the laws governing their common country, and regulating the distribution of the common property . . . yet immense and incalculable differences exist in men's natural capacities for rendering honest service to society. Encouragement should, therefore, be given to every man to use all the gifts which he possesses to the fullest extent possible; and, accordingly, reasonable accumulations and the descent of these should be respected." They should, he says, be respected. Yes—but for what reason? Because they encourage exceptional men, whose services are essential to society, to develop and use their capacities to "the fullest extent possible"; and this is merely another way of saying that, without the motive provided by the possibility of accumulation and bequest, the exceptional faculties would not be developed or used at all. Moreover, the amounts which may be accumulated and bequeathed, although they will be strictly limited, must, "X" says, be considerable. He suggests that incomes should be allowed up to forty thousand dollars, and bequeathable property up to a million dollars. And here we come to a question which is still more pertinent than the preceding. Why must the permissible amounts of income and of bequeathable property be of proportions such as those which he contemplates? Why does he not take his bill and write down quickly a thousand dollars of income instead of forty thousand, and limit bequeathable property to ten thousand instead of a million? Because he evidently recognizes that the men whose possible services to society are "im-

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mensely and incalculably greater" than those of the majority of their fellow citizens would not be tempted by a reward which, reduced to its smallest proportions, would not be very largely in excess of what was attainable by more ordinary exertions. In his formal statement of his case, he says that the amount of the reward would be entirely determined by what *ought* to be sufficient for the purpose in the estimation of the voting majority; and he mentions the sums in question as those on which they would probably fix. And it is, of course, quite imaginable that the majority, in making either these or any other estimates, might be right. But what "X" fails altogether to see is that, if the majority of the citizens *were* right, such sums would not be sufficient because the majority of citizens happened to think that they ought to be. They would be sufficient because they were felt to be sufficient by the minority who were invited to earn them, at whose feelings the majority would have made a shrewd or a lucky guess. A thousand men with fishing-rods might meet in an inn parlor and vote that such and such flies were sufficient to attract trout. But it lies with the trout to determine whether or no he will rise to them. It is a question, not of what the fishermen think, but of what the trout thinks; and the fishermen's thoughts are effective only when they coincide with the trout's.

So long, then, as society desires to get the best work out of its citizens, and so long as some men are, in the words of "X," "immensely and incalculably" more efficient than the great mass of their fellows, and so long as their efficiency requires, as "X" admits that it does, some exceptional reward to induce these men to develop it, these men themselves, in virtue of their inherent characters, must primarily determine what the reward shall be; and not all the majorities in the world, however unanimous, could make a reward sufficient if the particular minority in question did not feel it to be so. The majority might, by making a sufficient reward unattainable, easily prevent the services from being rendered at all; but, unless they are to forego the services, the majority can only obtain them on terms which will depend on the men who are to render them.

Now, in what I have been urging thus far—which practically comes to this, that the sovereignty popularly ascribed to democratic majorities is an illusion—not socialists only, but other advocates of popular government also, will alike be against me,

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as the promulgator of some blasphemous paradox. It will be easy, however, to show them that their objections are quite mistaken, and that the exceptional powers of dictation which have just been ascribed to a minority are so far from being inconsistent with the real powers of the majority that the latter, when properly understood, are seen to be their complement and their counterpart. For, though socialists and thinkers like "X" ascribe to majorities powers which they do *not* possess, we shall find that majorities do actually possess others, in some ways very much greater, of which such thinkers have thus far taken no cognizance at all. I have said that minorities can dictate their own terms to majorities which desire to secure their services, the reason being that the former are alone competent to determine what treatment will supply them with a motive to exert themselves. What holds good of minorities as opposed to majorities holds good in essentials, though in a somewhat different form, of majorities as opposed to such minorities.

Let us turn again to a matter to which I have referred already —namely, the family life of the citizens of any race or nation. This results from propensities in a vast number of human beings which, although they are similar, are in each case independent. These propensities give rise to legislation, the object of which is to prescribe rules by which their satisfaction may be made secure; but the propensities are so far from originating in legislation that no legislation which seriously interfered with them would be tolerated. Socialists themselves have continually admitted this very thing. The Italian socialist, Giovanni Rossi, for instance, who attempted about fifteen years ago to found a socialistic colony in Brazil—an attempt which completely failed—attributed its failure largely to this particular cause, namely, the impossibility of inducing the colonists to conform to any rules of the community by which family life was interfered with. Here we have an example of democracy in its genuine form, rendering powerless what affected to be democratic legislation. We have the cumulative power of similar human characters compelling legislation to limit itself to what these characters spontaneously demand. And now let us go a step—a very short step—farther. The family propensities in question show their dictatorial power, not only in the limitations which they impose on positive laws, but also in the character which they impose on the material surround-

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ings of existence, especially in the material structure of the dwellings of all classes except the lowest. All are constructed with a view to keeping the family group united, and each family group separate from all others. Further, if the natural family propensities thus affect the structure of the dwelling, other propensities, more various in detail, but in each case equally spontaneous, determine what commodities shall be put in it.

And this fact brings us back to our own more immediate subject—namely, the power of the few and of the many in the sphere of economic production. The man of exceptional industrial capacity becomes rich in the modern world by producing goods, or by rendering services, which others consume or profit by, and for which they render him a return. But, in order that they may take, and render him this return for, what he offers them, the goods and the services must be such that the many desire to have them. All the highest productive ability that has ever been devoted to the business of cheapening and multiplying commodities, or rendering social services, would be absolutely futile unless these commodities and services satisfied tastes or wants existing in various sections of the community. The eliciting of such wants or tastes depends very often, and in progressive communities usually, on a previous supply of the commodities or services that minister to them—as we see, for example, in the case of tobacco, of the telegraph, and of the bicycle; but, when once the demands have been elicited, they are essentially democratic in their nature. Each customer is like a voter who practically gives his vote for the kinds of goods which he desires to have supplied to him. He gives his vote under no compulsion. He is under the manipulation of no party or wire-puller; and the men by whose ability the goods are cheapened and multiplied are bound to determine their character by the number of votes cast for them.

Thus, whilst—so long as the productivity of labor is intensified, as it is in the modern world, by the ability of the few who direct labor—the laboring majority can never be free in their technical capacity of producers; they are free, and must always remain free in respect of their tastes as consumers. In other words, demand is essentially democratic, whilst supply, in proportion to its sustained and enhanced abundance, is essentially oligarchic.

Now, that demand is essentially democratic, and depends on the tastes and characters of those by whom the demands are made, no-

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body will be inclined to deny. But if we turn our attention from society, taken as a whole, to the exceptionally able minority on whom the business of supply depends, we shall find that these men, in their turn, form similarly a small democracy in themselves, and make, as suppliers, their own demands also—a demand for an economic reward, or an amount of personal wealth, not indeed necessarily equal to the amount of wealth produced by them, but bearing a proportion to it which is, in their own estimation, sufficient. This demand made by the exceptional producer rests on exactly the same basis as does that of the average customer. It rests on the tastes and characters of the men who make it; and it is just as impossible for the many to decide by legislation that the few shall put forth the whole of their exceptional powers for the sake of one reward, when what they want is another, as it is for the few to make the many buy snuff when they want tobacco, or buy green coats when they want black.

That such is the case will, to those who may be inclined to doubt it, become more evident if they consider with more attention than they are generally accustomed to exercise what the main attraction of great wealth is for the men who in the modern world are the producers of it on the greatest scale. Socialists and similar reformers—the people who principally busy themselves with discussing what this attraction is—are the people who are least capable of forming any true opinion about it. They not only have, as a rule, no experience of wealth themselves, but they are farther generically distinguished by a deficiency of those powers that create it. They are like men with no muscles, who reason about the temperament of a prize-fighter; and their conception of what wealth means for those who produce and possess it is apt, in consequence, to be of the most puerile kind. It is founded, apparently, on their conception of what a greedy boy, without pocket-money, feels when he stares at the tarts lying in a pastry-cook's window. To them it seems that the desire for great wealth means simply the desire for purely sensual self-indulgence—especially for the eating and drinking of expensive food and wine. Consequently, whenever they wish to caricature a capitalist they invariably represent him as a man with a huge protuberant stomach. The folly of this conception is sufficiently shown by the fact that many of the greatest of fortune-makers have, in their personal habits, been abstemious and even niggardly

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to a degree which has made them proverbial; and that, even in the case of those who value personal luxury, the maximum of self-indulgence which any single human organism can appreciate, is obtainable by a hundredth part of the fortunes for the production of which such men work. The real secret of the attraction which wealth has for those who create it lies in the fact that wealth is simply a form of power. These men are made conscious by experience, as less gifted men are not, that they can, by the exercise of their own mental energies, add indefinitely to the wealth-producing forces of the community. They feel the machine respond to their own exceptional management of it; they see the output of wealth varied and multiplied at their will; and thus the results of their specialized power as producers are neither more nor less than this same internal power converted into an external, an indeterminate and universalized form; and the reason why they will never produce wealth merely in order to be deprived of it is that no one will exercise power merely in order to lose it, and allow it to pass into the hands of other people. These men, as experience, especially in America, shows us, are constantly willing to use this power for the benefit of their kind generally; but this is no more a sign that they would be willing to allow it to be forcibly taken from them than the fact that a man is willing to give a dollar to a beggar in the street is a sign that he would allow the beggar to steal it out of his waistcoat pocket.

So long as differences in personal power exist, especially in such power as affects the material circumstances of mankind, these differences in power, let governments take what form they please, will necessarily assert and embody themselves in the very structure of human society; and socialists are only able to obscure this fact from anybody either by a childish theory of modern production which they themselves are now repudiating, or else by a psychology even more laboriously childish, which would at once be exposed were it tested by so much as six months' experience. An interesting admission of the truth of this may be found in an unlikely place—namely, a work written some years ago by a socialist of considerable talent, which shows how the errors of at least a number of socialists are due, not to any defect in their reasoning powers, as such, but to a want of balanced knowledge of human nature in general, a want which in certain respects

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renders their reasoning futile. The work to which I refer is a work by a socialistic novelist, who was also an accomplished naturalist—the late Mr. Grant Allen. It is called "The Woman Who Did." The immediate object of the writer was to exhibit the institution of marriage as the cause of what he was pleased to regard as woman's degradation and slavery; and his heroine is a young lady of highly respectable parentage, who proposes to regenerate womanhood by living with, and having children by, a man, without submitting to the humiliation of any legal bond. She accomplishes her purpose, and has a daughter, whose position, under our false civilization, becomes so disagreeable in consequence of her illegitimate birth, that the mother at last commits suicide, in order to deliver the daughter from the presence of a parent so embarrassing. In the author's view she is a martyr, and a model for immediate imitation. Ludicrous, however, as the book is in its main scheme and in its object, the author shows great acuteness in a number of his incidental observations. He is, for example, constantly insisting on the fact that the institution of private property, which socialism aims at revolutionizing, is merely one embodiment of a general principle of individualism of which marriage and the family are another, and that the two stand and fall together. But an admission yet more important than this is as follows. So that nothing may be wanting to the bitterness of the heroine's sublime martyrdom, the author represents her daughter—and he does this with considerable skill—as developing from her earliest childhood all those tastes and prejudices (an instinctive sympathy with those ordinary motives and standards) against which the mother's whole life, and her education of her daughter, had been at war. "Herminia," says Mr. Allen, "had done her best" to indoctrinate the child with the pure milk of the emancipating social gospel; "but the child herself seemed to hark back, of internal congruity, to the lower and vulgarer moral plane of her remoter ancestry. There is," he proceeds, "no more silly and persistent error than the belief of parents that they can influence to any appreciable degree the moral ideas and impulses of their children. These things have their springs in the bases of character; they are the flower of individuality; and they cannot be altered after birth by the foolishness of preaching." Let us read this passage, with the alteration of only a word or two, and it forms an admirable criticism

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of the more recent speculations of the party to which Mr. Allen belonged. There is no more silly and persistent error on the part of socialists than the belief that they can influence to any appreciable degree the moral ideas and impulses of the citizens of any community, or that these things, which are the flower of congenital individuality, can be altered after birth by the foolishness of socialism.

I may appropriately end this survey—in its present form necessarily very imperfect—of socialism, as a scheme for the practical reconstitution of society, with the above criticism, made by one of the socialists themselves, of socialistic speculation in its most recent development. If only socialists would apply to their formal programme and principles the acuteness displayed by some of them when its exigencies are momentarily forgotten by them, they, or at all events some of them, would be accounted their own most destructive critics.

My own criticisms, in a very much more complete form, and supplemented by an examination of the more important replies made by socialists to the lectures which I delivered during the past winter in America, will be published, I hope, as a book, in the course of the coming autumn.

W. H. MALLOCK.

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A REVIVALIST OF SIX CENTURIES AGO.

BY G. G. COULTON.

THERE is a charming essay on Religious Revivals in Mediæval Italy among the collected papers of the late J. A. Symonds. He describes in the first place the "Great Alleluia" of 1233, and the marvellous career of John of Vicenza, under whose influence north Italy seemed for a few weeks to have no business but prayer and praise and religious processions. John and his companion friars healed for a time the most inveterate feuds: city after city surrendered to them at discretion, and allowed its statutes to be made or unmade by these wandering preachers. Vivid as is Symonds's description of the Revival, he yet leaves some of the most curious details ungleaned. The Statutes of Parma, for instance, show us the friars cleansing that great cathedral of the corn which, to the scandal of the more devout, was habitually stored in its nave—just as, in the year after Dante's great vision, a Devonshire parson was found using his church as granary and brew-house combined. Again, the Franciscan Salimbene gives us many curious details of the Great Alleluia, which probably determined his own conversion. Sincere believer as he is, he nevertheless describes with great gusto the ingenious bogus miracles which his great friend Brother Gerard of Modena used to concoct in conjunction with John of Vicenza; and he assures us that many were converted by this means. He also describes how Brother John's head was turned by his success. When the great preacher was shaved during a visit to a Franciscan convent he was naïvely disappointed (it appears) that the Brethren did not pounce on the shavings for relics. Such little touches go to explain John's final fall. He demanded to be created Duke and Count of Vicenza, and used his sudden power so recklessly that he was cast into prison, from which he emerged a discredited and

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neglected man. For the Great Alleluia had died away as rapidly as it rose; and within a few months family feuds and civil wars were raging worse than before.

Symonds describes other similar revivals in mediæval Italy—half sincere, half theatrical, but always fierce and short-lived. I propose here to speak of a very different mission-preacher of the same age, the greatest perhaps of all the Middle Ages, the German Berthold of Ratisbon. He, too, produced effects difficult to be imagined in these days of widely diffused education; but in him there was no touch of quackery, and his influence outlasted that of his Italian colleagues. The linden under which he preached at Glatz was still famous in the seventeenth century; and his sermons, printed in modern German as a book of living theology, are in their third edition.* Born in 1220 of an upper-class burgher family at Ratisbon, Berthold joined the Franciscans while still a youth, and was the favorite pupil of David of Augsburg, whose writings have often been attributed to St. Bonaventura. In 1250 he was already a famous preacher; until his death in 1272 he tramped from town to town, from village to village, like a Wesley or a Whitefield of later days. In this fashion he traversed Bavaria, the Rhineland, Switzerland, Swabia, Austria proper, Moravia, Bohemia, Silesia, Thuringia and Franconia. His fame was great even in Italy, and is enshrined in the early Franciscan chronicles. At this moment, especially, it may well interest a modern reader to get a glimpse of mediæval mission-preaching.

Of the effect of these sermons we have very marvellous stories, even when due allowance has been made for mediæval exaggeration. The best description of him, as we might expect, is to be found in the autobiography of his contemporary Salimbene, who always gives life to whatever he touches:

"All who have heard him say that, from the days of the Apostles even to our own, there was never his like in the German tongue. He was followed by a great multitude of men and women, sometimes to the number of sixty or a hundred thousand; or, again, the whole populations of more than one city would come together to hear the honeyed and saving words which flowed from his lips. He was wont to ascend a wooden belfry, which he used as a pulpit in country places: and they who set up the structure crowned it with a pennon, that folk might

* Regensburg, Mainz, 1873.

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see whither the wind blew, and so seat themselves as to hear most clearly. And, wonderful to relate! he was heard and understood as well by the most distant as by those who sat by his side; nor did any rise to depart until he had made an end of his preaching. And when he preached of the tremendous Judgment of God, all would tremble as a rush quivers in the water; and they would beseech him for God's love to speak no more of that matter; for it grieved them beyond endurance to hear him. One day, when he was to preach in a certain place, a ploughman besought his master for God's sake to let him go and hear the sermon; but his lord answered, 'I myself shall go, but thou shalt go plough in the field with the oxen.' So, when the ploughman had set himself to plough in the field at dawn, straightway by a miracle he heard the voice of Brother Berthold preaching, though he was thirty miles distant; and forthwith he unyoked his oxen and let them feed, and sat down to listen to the sermon. And when the sermon was done he ploughed as much as he was wont to plough with a full day's work."

A precious fragment printed in the appendix to the first volume of the "*Analecta Franciscana*" reports a conversation of Berthold with St. Louis and with the King of Navarre. The latter questioned the great preacher about this reported miracle of the ploughman, and Berthold replied:

"Good my lord, believe it not, and give no faith to tales of this kind which men tell of me as though they were miracles. . . . There are certain men who, either for lucre's sake, or for some other vain cause, follow me among the rest of the multitude, and at times invent such tales and tell them to others."

Yet the real wonders he worked led inevitably to such reports. A noble lady had "followed him for six whole years from town to village, with other women that were of her company, yet could never get speech of him in private." At last, when all her money was spent, she was able to see him and tell him of her distress. He sent her to a banker in the town, who would give her (he said) "the money value of one single day of that indulgence for which she had followed Brother Berthold these six years." The banker, contemptuously humoring her fancy, was astonished to find that all his gold was as a mere feather in one scale so long as the lady breathed into the other; "for the Holy Ghost lent such weight to her breath that no weight of coin could balance that scale." He was converted, as was also a robber-knight so notorious that the burghers of the nearest city had adorned their council-hall with a fresco representing him by anticipation on the gallows.

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Berthold, like all mission-preachers, especially in the Middle Ages, appealed most constantly to the simple themes of Heaven and Hell. According to an often-repeated legend, a woman was so overcome by his terrible invectives against her own besetting sin that she gave up the ghost in the middle of his sermon; but his prayers recalled her to life for just long enough to make her confession and her final peace with God. She told the horror-stricken congregation that, out of 50,000 souls which had departed at the same moment with herself, three only had been worthy even of Purgatory, and one of Heaven; the remaining 49,996 having gone straight down to hell! Something of this vivid imagination may be found in Berthold's sermons even after six hundred years. We see him addressing his vast congregations in the open air. At one moment, speaking of the glory of Transubstantiation, he says:

"Grant now that our dear Lady St. Mary, Mother of God, stood here on this fair meadow, while all the Saints and all the Angels found room around her, and that I were found worthy to see this sight. . . . I would rather turn and bow the knee before a priest bearing the Lord's body to the sick, than before our Lady St. Mary and all the Saints of the whole host of heaven."

Again, he answers an objection from his hearers:

"'Brother Berthold, thou speakest oft and oft of these devils and all their sleights; yet we never see or hear or touch or feel a single devil.'

"'Lo, now that is even the worst harm they can do thee: for, hadst thou but once seen a single devil in his true form, I should know for certain that thou wouldst never sin more. . . . If the devil came out at this moment from this forest hard by, and this city that we see before us were a burning fiery furnace heated through and through, then should ye see such a press of folk as never was seen, and never shall be seen in this world, and all thronging headlong into that burning fiery furnace!"

Berthold's sermons give a gloomy view of society even during the years between St. Francis's death and Dante's boyhood. The Pope could make and unmake emperors; Cardinals and Bishops were among the greatest princes of the day; the parish priest had inquisitorial and disciplinary rights over almost every act of his parishioners, yet the people were not only far more ignorant, but had even less of true religion than to-day. "The laity are evil, the religious are evil," is a quotation constantly recurring in Berthold's sermons. He finds himself compelled to advise his

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hearers on delicate points of spiritual relationship arising from the numbers of "parson's children" which were to be found everywhere. "It often happens," he continues, "that a Bishop has children, few or many"; yet for 200 years clerical celibacy had been the strict rule of the Church. He complains that bribery and corruption are as rampant in the spiritual as in the lay courts. In consequence of the depredations of robber-nobles, "in places where there might well be two or three parish priests, there is scarce one; and even he may well be found unlearned." The pagan superstition still flourished which held it an evil omen to meet a priest the first thing in the morning. Berthold alludes to the constant tithe-quarrels; as an English bishop of the same date complains that parishioners, indignant that priests should exact tithes even of milk, revenged themselves by bringing their pailful to church and pouring it on the floor before the altar. The priest himself, again, was often excommunicate, and the whole parish involved with him in mortal sin. Nor, with all his nominal authority, could the parson put down the constant habit of Sunday work, or secure regular attendance at church. "Lo, a stinking goat of a Jew has more reverence for his holy days than thou!" The people's religious education also left much to be desired. "Many rise in the morning without even making the sign of the cross, and very likely reach the age of twenty years without being able to repeat the Lord's Prayer." Many, again, are so ignorant of the creed that they fall a prey to the first doubt suggested by the experience of life: "Ah, God! who, then, are in the right—Jews, heathens, or heretics? I know not how things stand, nor who hath the right faith." Of Bible study in the modern sense there was of course no question, nor would it have been permitted even if it had been otherwise possible. The laity are therefore warned against disputing with Jews: "For ye are unlearned, while they are learned in the Scriptures, and they have pondered carefully how they may persuade you; so that ye will be ever the weaker in faith for that dispute." As St. Louis pleaded in the same century, a layman's only valid argument in such cases was "to thrust his sword into the Jew's belly as far as it would go."

But had not the parish clergy strong auxiliaries in the swarms of friars who filled the land? The best influence of the friars was fast waning during Berthold's lifetime, though these new

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Orders were scarcely half a century old. Too often the friar and the parish priest were at daggers drawn; or heretics carried on their propaganda in the name of St. Francis, just as the first Franciscan missionaries had been taken for wandering heretics. Berthold's constant and impassioned warnings show clearly (if we did not know it from other sources) how little the Roman faith could claim to reign unquestioned even during this its golden age. He reckons the heretical sects of his time at "a good hundred and fifty," and appeals to his hearers' knowledge of "how many thousand men are led astray by unfaith." The process of perversion, as he describes it, is simple. A heretic is never converted; his heart is turned to stone; "and just as crystal is petrified water, so are heretics petrified Christians: as little, therefore, as the crystal can ever be turned to water again, so little can a heretic be turned back to Christianity, however fresh and green he may be in his heresy."* On the other hand, it is only too easy to make a Catholic into a heretic. The preacher illustrates this through one of his most picturesque, and least accurate, illustrations from natural history. Playing upon the German names for *heretic* and *cat (Ketzer, Katze)*, he says:

"No household beast can work so great harm in so short a time as this, more especially in summer: let all take good heed of the cat. She goes away and licks a toad, under some hedge or wheresoever she may find it, until the toad begins to bleed; then the poison makes her thirsty, and she comes and drinks at the same water whereat men drink, and defiles it, so that many a man is sick for half a year, or a whole year long, or even to his life's end; or it may be that he takes his sudden death therefrom. Or again the cat drinks so greedily that a drop falls from her eye into the water, or that she sneezes therein: and he who uses that water must taste of bitter death. . . . Wherefore, ye folk, drive her away, for the breath that cometh from her throat is most unsound and perilous: let her be driven forth from the kitchen or from wheresoever ye may be, for she is deadly unclean. And thence also hath the heretic his name of *Ketzer*, since in all his ways he is like no beast so much as a cat. He goes as demurely (*geistlich*) to other folk, and speaks as sweetly and can bear himself as softly as any cat; and even so suddenly has he defiled men's bodies. He holds so sweet speech of God and the angels, that thou wouldst swear a thousand oaths that he is an angel himself; yet he is the devil incarnate. And he promises to let thee see an angel, and teach thee to see God with thy bodily eyes:

* The contemporary Dominican preacher, Etienne de Bourbon, complains also that heretics too often know their Bible far better than Catholics, and that, while many are perverted from the faith, practically none are ever reconverted. He explains it ingeniously: wine often turns to vinegar, but never vinegar to wine.

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yet he hath swiftly parted thee from thy Christian faith, and thou art lost for evermore. . . . Had I a sister in a country wherein were only one heretic, yet that one heretic would keep me in fear for her, so noisome is he. Therefore let all folk take heed of him. I myself, by God's grace, am as fast rooted in the Christian faith as any Christian man should rightly be; yet, rather than dwell knowingly one brief fortnight in the same house with a heretic, I would dwell a whole year with five hundred devils! What, heretic! art thou by chance in this congregation? I pray to Almighty God that there be none here present!"

These sermons explain, almost more plainly than any other document, the state of mind which drove honest and good Catholics into such wholesale and systematic barbarities as we can scarcely think of without a shudder. If, even in the Age of Faith *par excellence,* faith was so frail as to be shattered by the least breath, and heresy so strong as to resist all orthodox arguments, then persecution was plainly the only resource of men who denied to the heretic the name of Christian, and looked upon him and his as mere food for hell-fire. Nor does Berthold show us only heresy rampant; he constantly alludes to free thought also. But for the stern repression of the Jews, he thinks that they might have succeeded in smothering Christianity altogether. Again, men found it hard to understand why Cato should be in hell with Nero: a point which may explain Dante's promotion of the former to Purgatory. Again:

"Many say, 'the man who is used to hell is more at his ease there than anywhere else.' That is a great lie; for man can never be used to hell. . . . Some also say—I have heard it even from learned folk—that our Lord makes for many a man some mansion and comfort in hell, that no pain may torment him. That again is a lie and a heresy. . . . Many again preach openly that, whether a man do well or ill, he will be saved if he be destined to salvation; and, however well he do all through the world, he must go to hell if hell be appointed for him."

This, of course, is the predestinarian fatalism which many modern writers imagine Calvin to have invented, though Joinville and Salimbene show us how common it was among the sceptical upper classes in the thirteenth century in France and Italy. But the most popular arguments of mediæval sceptics were drawn from the lives of the clergy:

"Men say . . . 'we see none that work such evil as the parsons, nor that do such injustice, as may be seen daily: pay no heed therefore to what the parsons tell thee.' This is the root of almost all unbelief and heresy."

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This brings us back again to the body of nominal believers: yet even here the picture is no brighter. The system of Indulgences was comparatively new, and far as yet from that colossal pardon traffic which shocked Luther; yet even Luther scarcely spoke more strongly than Berthold:

"Fie, penny-preacher, murderer of mankind! . . . Thou promisest so much pardon for a single penny or halfpenny that many thousands trust thee and dream they have atoned for all their sins with the penny or halfpenny, as thou pratest to them. So they will never repent, but go hence to hell and are lost forever. . . . Thou hast murdered true penitence amongst us!"

Almost equally fatal was the trust in pilgrimages. Many deliberately ran up a long bill of sins in accordance with the devil's suggestion: "put off (repentance) until thou hast gained and laid up money; and then do penance bravely with a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, or a Lententide in Rome, or a journey to Compostella." Moreover, the pilgrim's extravagance often reduces wife and child to poverty; while he himself "gorges himself so that he comes back far fatter than he went, and has long tales of all that he saw, which he dins into men's ears during service and sermon-time." For the custom which made "Paul's Walk" into a sort of Piccadilly for our Stuart ancestors was simply the survival of a mediæval abuse. St. Bernardino's sermons show us the churches filled with folk who came in and went out when they liked, and scarcely suspended talk and laughter to doff their hoods for a moment at the elevation of the Host. Berthold returns again and again to such irreverences:

"Men talk nowadays in church as if they were at market, calling across to each other and boasting and telling what each has seen in foreign lands; so that one man may easily trouble six or ten who would gladly be silent. . . . And ye women! ye never let your mouths rest from unprofitable babble. One complains to another of her maid-servant, how greedy she is of sleep and how loth to work; another tells of her husband; a third of her children, how this one is a weariness, and that other thriveth not. To what devil art thou complaining thus in church?"

The churchyard was used for fairs and markets, with all their attendant disorders, and for indecent pagan dances that were practised now on Christian festivals; it deserved no longer its old German name of "*Friedhof*," or Court of Peace. Nor were these dances the most painful relics of paganism. The mass

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itself had become a mere pagan incantation, to all practical purposes, for the majority of the laity. Berthold is preaching reverence for the Mass, and one of the congregation expostulates with him:

"But, Brother Berthold, we understand not the Mass, and cannot pray thereat so well as we should, nor feel so great reverence as if we understood it. We understand every word of the sermon, but the Mass we understand not, nor know what is being read or sung; we cannot comprehend it."

The preacher therefore spends the rest of his sermon in giving a rough explanation of the service. No wonder that the holy wafer, the holy oils, the holy water in the font, needed to be kept under lock and key from the common people, who used them as engines of sorcery:

"Many of the village folk would come to heaven, were it not for their witchcrafts. . . . The woman has spells for getting a husband, spells for her marriage; spells on this side and on that; spells before the child is born, before the christening, after the christening; and all she gains with her spells is that her child fares the worse all its life long. . . . Ye men, it is much marvel that ye lose not your wits for the monstrous witchcrafts that women practise on you!"

Like all mediæval moralists, he is never weary of gibing at women's dress:

"They take a bit of cloth, and twitch it hither and twitch it thither; they gild it here and there with gold thread, and spend thereon all their time and trouble . . . they will spend a good six months' work on a single veil, which is sinful great travail. . . . They itch for praise, and to hear men say 'Lord! how fair! was ever aught so fair?' Yet our Lady was far fairer than thou, but humble withal; so was St. Margaret, and many saints more."

"'But, Brother Berthold, we do it for the goodman's sake, that he may gaze the less on other women.'"

To which Berthold answers with the pitiless logic of a man and a bachelor. If the goodman be honest, he will care more for your chaste conversation than for your outward adornment; if he be wanton, all your "crimple-crispings" and "christy-crosties" and gold thread will not avail to fix his wandering eyes. Encouraged by these words of sober reason, a man's voice is raised amid the congregation:

"Alas! Brother Berthold, . . . I have ofttimes besought my wife, first kindly and then sternly; but she would never leave her follies. I

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fear to tear one gewgaw from her lest she go and buy another twice as dear, and my last loss be worse than the first."

The friar's answer, ungallant as it sounds to modern ears, is the true voice of the thirteenth century, from the king to the beggar, from the moralist to the poet or romancer:

"Come, man, take heart of grace; art thou not a man, and hast not a sword by thy side? Wilt thou be lightly overcome by a distaff? Pluck up thy courage, take heart, and tear it from her head, even though thou tear away a hair or twain therewithal; and cast all together into the fire! Do thus not thrice or four times only; then will she leave her follies. Man should be woman's lord and master."

Berthold has his own definite ideas, too, about children. Why is there such mortality among rich folk's children in especial?

"Because the baby's sister makes him a mess of pap, and coaxes it into him. Now his little belly is soon filled, and the pap begins to bubble out; but she coaxes it in and in. Then comes his aunt, and does the same. Then comes his nurse, and cries, 'Alas, my child has eaten naught this day!' and sets herself to coax the pap in again, as before. Meanwhile the child whimpers and tosses its little limbs."

Don't you know (asks Berthold in another place) how your bodies are made? The stomach hangs in the middle, for all the world like a great caldron; and next it lies the liver, by whose heat the pot is kept boiling. If you fill it too full, what can it do but boil over?—hence come heartburn, fevers, dropsy, and all the ills that flesh is heir to.

An article like this can give only a slight idea of the wealth which Berthold offers to students of the past. There are few works equally accessible and equally rich in hints for the student of manners. The great Revivalist will not teach us pharisaical content with our own civilization; but he may well cure us of impotent hankerings after a dead past.

G. G. COULTON.

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THE INTERCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

BY J. RUSSELL SMITH, PH.D., ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF GEOGRAPHY AND INDUSTRY IN THE WHARTON SCHOOL OF FINANCE AND COMMERCE, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE scheme for an intercontinental railway has elements of fascination. The idea of a railway, built for the avowed purpose of connecting the capitals of the fifteen nations of the three Americas, seizes the imagination, for it belongs to that class of large-sounding and inclusive schemes another of which is the parliament of the nations to preserve the peace of the world.

Thus far, everybody is in favor of the railway. The time for contributions to finance the scheme has not arrived. This is, furthermore, a time when engineering feats have so nearly approached the miraculous that one of the world's greatest engineers may be pardoned for his recent statement that, given money enough and time enough, nothing is impossible.

This certainly includes the Intercontinental Railway, but there is a great difference between what is possible and what is feasible; and, in the writer's opinion, it is the neglect to give proper weight to this difference which has caused this railway scheme to be heralded as belonging to the practical class.

It was surveyed in 1891-93, as a result of Mr. Blaine's first Pan-American Congress. It is most natural that that body should have favored it. It could, indeed, scarcely have been otherwise. A Pan-American Congress can develop much enthusiasm over the scheme. Representation and voting are by nations, and most of the nations, having a meagre supply of railways, and a yet more meagre supply of funds, see a possibility of having their lands developed by a railway built by outside interests. Such desire resides in all communities.

New industries are always welcomed. Enthusiasm among

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the people to be benefited by a railway is not the surest guarantee of its early construction. A better guarantee of this is to be found among those who must furnish the funds.

The writer happens to own an abandoned farm on which he occasionally seeks summer repose. The farm cost nearly four dollars an acre, buildings included. If the warring interests of Goulds and Vanderbilts should find that that tract of land appeared to be necessary for some transcontinental scheme, the prospect of their paying about a hundred dollars an acre for part of it, and putting a town on the rest, would probably develop on the part of its owner some enthusiasm for the new railway. By the same reasoning, it is easy to see why a practically bankrupt Spanish-American nation should favor the railway project at Pan-American Congresses. The population of the nation probably comprises a few hundred thousand people, of whom the overwhelming majority are illiterate Indians and half-breeds. They have practically no capital, the building of several hundred miles of very expensive railway would employ the available labor for years, and the consequent expenditure of millions of good international gold would produce cheerfully trickling streams of commerce in the place of the present stagnation.

The first thing to be done by any set of railway promoters is to examine into the traffic possibilities of the proposed route, and, before proceeding with the expenditure of capital, to assure themselves that there will be sufficient employment to enable it to earn adequate returns.

The idea of an intercontinental railway has the necessary counterpart of intercontinental traffic for it to carry, or there is no use for the completed road. Unless the traffic between South America and North America would use such a railway, it would be a shameful waste of money to complete the road; and the writer of this paper claims that there is practically no traffic future for such a road under any conditions now discernible.

Such a prediction about proposed enterprises is not new. It has been made about each of our transcontinental roads in turn, and yet they have eclipsed even the most roseate hopes of their ardent champions. Their success has come about by the unexpected development along their lines of industry and traffic which no other agency could transport. The essential difference between these roads and the Pan-American is the fact that increase of in-

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dustry along the line of the latter does not make through-freight for it. That will be carried down to the sea by a hundred little local railways and transported in ships.

Before the railway could be graded, the Panama Canal will probably be open to the shipping of the world. The problem then becomes one of competition between a water route and a land route, with all the handicaps on the land route.

An examination of an accurate map shows how hopelessly the railway route is distanced as a connection between New York or Washington and any South-American capital. Strange to say, the west coast of South America is practically a continuation in longitude of the east coast of the United States. The longitude of New York is the longitude of Peru, and Chile actually lies to the east of the American metropolis. The Gulf of Mexico penetrates fully half the width of the northern continent, and the land route must circle around it. The proposed intercontinental trunk line from the United States enters Mexico at Laredo, a point west of Chicago, west of the Missouri River, even west of Topeka, Kansas; and then the line must gradually work its way eastward again through Mexico, Central America and the Isthmus of Panama to the longitude of New York. In bold outline, the proposed railway route from New York to Peru has the suggestive shape of a huge reversed question-mark. In addition to this bold continental curve, we must consider the thousands of local deviations necessary to the fitting of a railway line to the inequalities of the rough land surface. In amazing contrast to this is the almost straight line by which a ship will drop down the longitude from New York to western South America, which will actually become as near as Europe. Brought down to figures, these are the distances: from New York to Guayaquil, the port of Ecuador, by railway about 6,500 miles, by the Panama Canal 2,864; to Callao, the port of Lima, the adjacent capital of Peru, by rail, about 7,600 miles, by Panama Canal 3,359 miles. A little thinking on these figures shows the utter hopelessness and uselessness of the railway as a through carrier for anything but the leisurely traveller who, in search of novelty, might happen to fancy such a route.

The railway is superior to the ocean as a means of transport in one respect—speed. There is always a certain amount of traffic that will go by the quickest route, regardless of cost; as a consequence, railroads can thrive in populous regions with waterways

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alongside. Such lines as the Trans-Siberian and the American Transcontinental roads can get through traffic because the competing sea routes are much longer and slower. Yet the sea routes, though longer, have their place, for they are cheaper for the user. A vast traffic can afford to go no other way, or can at least make a profit by taking the longer and slower route. Witness, in proof of the truth of this statement, the great procession of steamers from Chicago to Buffalo. These two ports are connected over a nearly straight level route by a dozen railway tracks less than two-thirds as long as the water route, yet the water route prospers, and the people of New York have decided to expend a hundred millions of dollars to continue it to the Hudson, although even that expenditure will only give a canal floating a barge one-tenth as capacious as a good lake or ocean steamer. Because of this fundamental factor of cheapness in water transportation, our ever-increasing and prosperous continental railways have not lessened the demand of the American people for the cheaper but slower Panama Canal route.

But, while the canal route from New York to Ecuador and Peru is cheaper than the rail route, the overwhelming part of the argument is that it is so much shorter than the rail route that it will be also quicker. The route possessing the dual advantages of cheapness and speed is economically unassailable.

Inasmuch as neither route is complete, proof should follow this statement of sea advantages, and in this proof present actualities should receive due consideration. Present practice gives small promise for the future railway. It is true that an express-train can run nearly three times as fast as a steamship, but there is a great difference between the express-train speed that can be made on a trunk-line railroad in the eastern United States or on the Great Plains and on such a new mountain road as most of the Pan-American will be. The famous Trans-Siberian is again open to travellers. It amazed the world by its traffic performance under an American trained man during the Japanese War, and a well-known agency is now offering to put tourists through with continuous run in sleeping-cars from Moscow to Vladivostok, 5,261, miles, in fourteen days, if the train is on time. Freight-trains would probably be slower than a sleeping-car express. Such are the delays of freight-trains, shiftings and freight-yards, that it takes about three weeks for goods to cross the American continent un-

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der the best calculations; and on the main lines of the Pennsylvania and of the Baltimore and Ohio railroads, on the level plain from Philadelphia to Baltimore, the freight-steamer that goes poking through the canal by night insures quicker delivery than do the railroads, because the boats always go from wharf to wharf overnight, and the freight-cars sometimes get delayed in the yards.

We have some exceedingly instructive comparisons on the Pan-American route which this railway proposes to serve and aid. The steamship line from New York to Colon makes the mail time from New York to that port, 1,920 miles, between six and seven days. To the City of Mexico (by rail) it is five days—the distance, 2,989 miles—over American railways that were built for commercial purposes over comparatively level country. That leaves the Pan-American railway but a day and a half in which to overtake the steamers at Panama, and in that day and a half it must pass over 2,100 miles of jungle, swamp, mountain and plain—a clearly impossible feat for a day and a half. Yet the innocent victor in this race, the Panama steamship line, is not noted as a speedy one. If the traffic required it, there would be little difficulty in raising the speed to that of second-class trans-Atlantic steamers and cutting the time down to five days, the same as the railway mail time to Mexico City, 2,100 miles to the northwest.

The rather startling discovery has recently been made that, of the ten-thousand-odd miles of railway needed to connect New York and Buenos Ayres, nearly two-thirds were already completed in the various links now existing in the thirteen countries *en route*. Laying aside for a moment all questions of distance, the character of the uncompleted links is forbidding in the extreme.

Every one of these is either thoroughly tropical or thoroughly mountainous. Some of them maintain both of these characteristics, and several are covered by tropic forest, jungle and swamp. For this latter class of difficulties, the history of enterprises at Panama is a great teacher. The Panama railway is forty-seven miles long, and cost eight million dollars ($170,000 per mile). No one knows the number of lives that this railway cost. In sixty days an importation of Chinese coolies was reduced from a working force of 1,000 to 200. Present sanitary knowledge has made such conditions unlikely for the future, but the occurrence is not the

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less suggestive. According to geographers, this is not the worst part of the Isthmus. In the Choco, a region farther east, where the Isthmus bends around toward South America, it is declared that it rains almost continuously. The experience of the Intercontinental Railway commission's surveying corps there was interesting. The forests and jungles were so thick that the commission proceeded in a sail-boat from Panama to the Gulf of San Miguel, 110 miles east. Streams flowing into this body of water from the east and west were ascended as far as possible; and then, desiring to get into the basin of the Atrato, seventy-five miles away in Colombia, the corps discreetly declined to attack a trackless wild, but decided upon a flank movement. They sailed back to Panama, crossed to Colon, took a European steamer to Cartagena, three hundred miles east on the Colombian coast, and came back to the Atrato in a coasting steamer.

This is not narrated in criticism of the surveying corps. They were a plucky group. I have rarely read more heroic tales than their account of that survey; but they had a certain ground to cover and a limited amount of time and money, and their survey of the Panama region, with its difficulties, had to be more theoretical than real. And Panama stretches its weary length for six hundred and twelve miles, according to the survey, and the same physical conditions reach over into Colombia for two hundred miles more before reaching the uplands of Colombia. The deep and swamp-flanked Atrato River must also be crossed here.

Another physical drawback is found in the fact that the unconstructed road must run for most of its length across drainage systems. Any one who has either looked out of car windows in travelling or has examined on maps the location of railways has observed that it is the custom for the railway in a hilly land to follow streams. This is as true for the Altai or the Alps as it is for the Appalachians or Rockies. The railway that crosses the mountains follows up the natural incline made by a stream eroding its valley, and, passing through a gap, goes down the other side in like manner. Such is the method of our Rocky Mountain roads. But from Mexico to Argentina the proposed Pan-American route must go parallel to the ocean and parallel to the mountain ranges in a region that is usually mountainous, and the road-bed must be carried most of the distance across the continuous succession of valleys made by the streams running from the

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mountains to the sea. Two alternatives exist. Uneven surface may be avoided by following the shore plain. This has the disadvantage of crossing the streams where they are large, requiring much expense for bridges. These plains close to the sea are usually sparsely peopled in comparison with the upland, are often marshy and are subject to flood. A twenty-four-hour shower visited one of the camps of an Isthmian Canal Commission surveying corps in Nicaragua in 1899, and during its progress twenty-three inches of rain fell. The Chagres River in Panama, the great problem of the canal-builders, has been known to rise fifty feet in a few hours. These are suggestive facts for the coast-swamp railroad builder.

The other alternative in track location is to follow the plateau where the population is centred, and cross the streams where they produce a succession of deep valleys and sharp intervening ridges. In Central America, the route selected is usually near the shore. In most of Colombia it has the good fortune to follow the longitudinal valleys between the Andean ranges; but, when the Ecuadorian boundary is reached, a shore-plain route is so palpably useless that the survey commission boldly essayed a chaos of mountains in the mighty Andes. This system already possesses the highest railroad track in the world, not excepting the cog-wheel climbers of Pike's Peak and the Alps. The building of eighty-six miles of the Oroya line in the Peruvian mountains cost twenty-seven million dollars, three hundred thousand dollars a mile, and the lives of seven thousand men. This is about enough men to conquer all Europe if the battle losses of the Spanish war should be taken as a true guide.

The proposed twenty-four hundred miles through Ecuador and Peru are through a region unique among mountains. The Andean system here consists of two or more huge ranges, with intervening valleys cut up by cross-ranges which connect the main ranges as the rungs of a ladder connect the uprights. These intervening short valleys are drained by streams breaking through the main ranges and flowing off to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The track must climb from river system to river system over these cross-ranges. In Ecuador alone the continental divide is crossed by the projected line so often that the road is divided into ten parts, four of them draining to the Pacific and six into the Atlantic. In 500 miles of proposed Ecuadorian location to the

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south of Quito the elevations of these continental divides are as follows, and the accompanying table shows the intervening depth to which the track sinks:

Divides.	Valleys.	Difference
11,540	8,604	2,936
10,813	7,632	3,181
10,888	8,100	2,788
9,370	7,100	2,270
10,080	7,138	2,942
8,250	5,476	2,774
9,390	3,000	6,390

Intervening spurs are also often crossed between these continental divides, making the actual climbing much greater than the difference-table indicates. But the grand engineering prize of the whole system should probably be withheld for the builder of the link that is planned to connect the railway from Lima with the one to the Lake Titicaca basin. This line is badly entangled with the head streams of the Amazon system. The 1,338th mile south from Quito has an elevation of 14,715 feet; fourteen miles beyond is a river at 5,759; twenty-two miles farther is another ridge of 12,900, and the next stream is 6,050. It is not surprising that the thirty-six miles of distance between those two ridges becomes ninety-two as the track is planned to make the 16,000 feet of descent and ascent from ridges to stream. In addition, also, are minor grades across minor ridges. This region is only to be classed with the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The ninety-two miles of road are an endless climb along the precipitous sides of the sharp and unpeopled valleys, bridging a succession of gullies, chasms and gorges. At one place, a single straight line on the map will cross the track thirteen times as it bends and twists upon itself and winds and burrows in the earth in the wild endeavor to cross a cañon four miles wide where the stream has an elevation of 6,000 feet, and one bank 7,000 and the other 10,500 feet.*

In comparison with this particular Andean specimen, and it is only a specimen, the crossing of the Alps and Rockies seems like child's play. The St. Gothard pass is 6,936 feet above the sea, Great Bernard 8,110 feet, Simplon 6,590, the Brenner 4,490. The plain on the north side of the Alps is about 2,000 feet alti-

* Those persons wishing to examine the detail maps are referred to maps 45 and 46, Report of Corps 3, Intercontinental Railway Commission.

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tude, and but one of the Alpine passes has a railroad through it, although there are several tunnels; yet this one Peruvian Cordillera, with no particular name, imposes upon the Pan-American builder a climb higher than from the sea-level to the highest of the Great Alpine passes. The Rocky Mountain railroads start from a plateau which reduces their greatest climbing to two-thirds, and usually much less than two-thirds, of that required by the nameless Cordillera of Peru.

The Pan-American railway, as planned with its double switch-backs, its corkscrew tunnels and flying bridges, probably calls for more mountain-climbing than all the railroads of the Rockies or the Alps, and may equal the two combined. Time and again, it must overtop Pike's Peak. It passes for hundreds of miles along the face of steep mountain slopes—an ideal location for rockfalls and landslides, avalanches and washouts. It runs also through jungle, swamp and flooded plain lands empty and uninhabitable, and from the economic standpoint more forbidding than Sahara. As a through carrier between the North and South, it will have to compete with the majestic steamer proceeding at will, and but half as far, over the toll-less and peaceful Pacific, with but a twelve-hour delay at Panama, and then onward over the well-known tracks to New Orleans or New York.

It is claimed that the road should be built, anyhow, for local need. Much of it should be built for this purpose; but it must be remembered that the prime transport need of this whole region, from Mexico southward, is for the railroads to go on as they have begun and multiply the already numerous small lines that run from a port directly inland, and give the land as soon as possible the priceless and unrivalled boon of water transportation. For a thousand miles of road in the region of Panama, and another thousand in the defiles and plateaus of Peru, there is no need for local traffic.

There is not even the call for local trade from country to country *en route*. There would of course be some travel, but goods are exchanged between regions having differences in production. The economic sameness of the Spanish-American countries is amazing—in the highlands minerals, hides and wool, in the lowlands coffee and the same round of tropical produce. Each Central-American country is like its neighbor, and all are like the adjacent parts of Mexico. Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia are

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as much alike as Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, and among them they produce nothing of importance that is not also produced in Central America. The great natural basis for trade on this route is in the exchange of the products of temperate North America and the tropics, especially South America, and for this exchange the sea will apparently always suffice. This road proposes to make the Isthmus an economic connecter of the two continents. It is really much in the way. It is a commercial hindrance, not a commercial link; it has, from its discovery in 1519, been so regarded, and the American nation is now wisely engaged in spending two hundred millions of treasure to tear a shipway through it.

Might the Pan-American railway save the continent, in case a clash of arms had arisen over the Monroe Doctrine? The road would certainly be of no use before we lost control of the seas, and it would be equally useless afterward, for its defence would be impossible. The part of it on foreign soil is longer than the Trans-Siberian Railway.

No warfare could be much simpler than for parties of marines to land and break the track somewhere, indeed almost anywhere, between the boundaries of Mexico and Peru. In places, it could be successfully bombarded from war-ships and gunboats.

There appears to be little real reason to anticipate investment for the complete Pan-American railway either by private capital, by the United States Government, or by the countries to be traversed by the proposed line.

J. Russell Smith.

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

SOME time ago, in a letter to M. Augustin Filon, I expressed my regret that he had never committed himself upon the unsafe subject of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Although M. Filon's "The English Stage" was published in 1897, it contains no reference to Mr. Shaw as a dramatist; yet the omission was scarcely an oversight. While a number of Mr. Shaw's plays had by that time already been produced in England, the "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," in two volumes, were not published until May, 1898. Owing to many contradictory aspects of Mr. Shaw, M. Filon found it no easy matter to form a just opinion of him; but, at last gathering courage for the daring act, he wrote a long and penetrating critique for the "*Revue des Deux Mondes.*"* This essay, he afterwards graciously wrote me, was due in no small measure to my suggestion. The real reason, however, for the appearance of such an article was the remarkable prominence so suddenly gained by Mr. Shaw as a dramatic artist, and the clamorous demands by the most cultured of London's playgoers for the production of his principal plays. Mr. Shaw was thus "canonized" in France; his genius had been recognized in Great Britain a few months before by an exhaustive and highly sympathetic essay in the safe and sane "Edinburgh Review."† These two able appreciations were not merely adventitious tributes to Mr. Shaw's genius; they were, so to speak, barometric indications of the state of the literary atmosphere. As produced by Mr. Arnold Daly and Mr. Robert Loraine, a number of Mr. Shaw's best known plays achieved a gratifying measure of popular success in the United States — a popular success unparalleled even by Mr.

* "*M. Bernard Shaw et son Théâtre*," November, 1905.
† "The Plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw," April, 1905.

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Richard Mansfield's rarely artistic productions of "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple" of the previous decade.

These various tributes to the signal abilities of Mr. Shaw, both as literary artist and as popular dramatist, were in themselves sufficient to stamp him as a notable figure in the pantheon of contemporary letters. But unto all these things was added the final seal of authority, the production of his plays upon the greatest stages of German Europe. Late in 1902 the translation into German of three of his plays appeared from the pen of Herr Siegfried Trebitsch, the Viennese novelist and dramatist; and, shortly afterwards, Dr. Georg Brandes, among the two or three greatest living literary critics, hailed the advent into European circles of "the most advanced of contemporary British dramatists." The brilliant Viennese dramatist, the author of "*Der Apostel*," Herr Hermann Bahr, wrote an epochal critique of Mr. Shaw and his works, which went far to assure Mr. Shaw a gracious hearing in Vienna. "*Ein Teufelskerl*" ("The Devil's Disciple") was produced at the Raimund Theatre, Vienna, on February 25th, 1903; "*Der Schlachtenlenker*" ("The Man of Destiny") at the Schauspielhaus, Frankfort a. M., on April 21st; "Candida" at the Königliches Schauspielhaus, Dresden, on November 19th. That greatest of modern actor-managers, Max Reinhardt, produced "Candida" and "*Der Schlachtenlenker*" at the Neues Theatre, Berlin, in the spring of 1904, Germany's leading actress, Agnes Sorma, assuming the principal feminine rôles. Mr. Shaw's plays continued to appear upon some of the most artistic stages of Germany and Austria; Candida was interpreted by Sorma, Petri and Salbach, Bluntschli by Sommerstorff and Jarno, Dudgeon by Wiene and Wehrlin, Napoleon by Reinhardt, Morell by Reicher, Valentine by Korff, Cleopatra by Eysoldt, and Cæsar by Steinrück. "*Helden*" ("Arms and the Man") was successfully produced at Copenhagen by its Danish translator, the distinguished scholar, Dr. Carl Mantzius; and "*Ein Teufelskerl*" met with favor on the principal stage of Buda Pesth. "Candida" was praised in Paris as a new solution of the feminist problem; and in St. Petersburg reviews, Mr. Shaw was rated far above Pinero and Jones, and elevated to the pedestal of European fame. In England, justly enough, in view of the injustice long done Mr. Shaw by the es-

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tablished theatrical managements of London's West End, a veritable "Shaw festival" was inaugurated at the Royal Court Theatre in 1904-5, under the auspices of Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, a manager of high artistic sensibility, and Mr. H. Granville Barker, one of England's most brilliant and versatile young actors of the modern school. "John Bull's Other Island," dubbed a "masterpiece of comedy" by staid old "Blackwood's," captivated the culture and fashion of London, headed by the King, the premier, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Since that time the ablest plays of Mr. Shaw, especially those which are distinctly *du théâtre,* have been successfully produced under the Vedrenne-Barker management. Mr. Shaw's plays are now being translated into French, German, Danish and Norwegian; and a comprehensive biography of him promises within the year to appear simultaneously in England and America.*

Not lightly to be dismissed is this mass of evidence in support of the contention, made in certain quarters, that Mr. Shaw is the ablest among living British dramatists. Yet, such a contention could scarcely be expected to pass unchallenged in England, where Mr. Pinero is still enthusiastically hailed—by that audience to whom he has shrewdly made so many concessions—as the premier dramatist of Great Britain. It is only necessary to cast one's eyes over the whole group of British dramatists and briefly consider their reception abroad as interpreters of the world-movement, in order to dispose of their claims, as against those of Mr. Shaw. Every now and then, it is true, one sees on a foreign stage such broadly popular plays as "Charley's Aunt," "Trilby," "Sweet Lavender," "The Middleman" and "When We Were Twenty-One"; certain plays of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Phillips have recently been seen upon the German stage. When Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "*Schattenspiel*" ("Masqueraders") was produced abroad it was regarded, aside from a few clever Ibsenic observations which it contained, as little better than crude melodrama. Mr. Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex," produced at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, on January 13th, 1900, was pro-

* The principal productions of Mr. Shaw's plays during the past dramatic season are as follows: "Man and Superman," Berlin and Vienna; "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Vienna; "Candida," Brussels; "The Doctor's Dilemma," Court Theatre, London (Granville Barker); "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," New York (Ellen Terry); "Cæsar and Cleopatra," New York (J. Forbes-Robertson).

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nounced to be "*reichlich langweilig und . . . ein bedauerliches Zeichen für den Tiefstand des englischen Geschmack.*" After a visit to England for the purpose of studying the contemporary British drama, a prominent dramatic critic of St. Petersburg wrote a series of critical articles in the most advanced of Russian reviews, in which he railed at Mr. William Archer for claiming, on the strength of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones, that England does not now shrink from comparison with Continental Europe in matters dramatic. In this Russian critic's opinion, Mr. Shaw alone among contemporary British dramatists has struck a new note and brought a message for this and the coming generation. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones he finds Philistine to the core, attributing their success to their unconscious fidelity to the sentiments and prejudices of the middle class. Of the plays of Mr. Pinero, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Iris," "The Gay Lord Quex," "The Profligate," "The Magistrate," "Sweet Lavender" and possibly two or three more, have been produced abroad, with varying success, and sometimes virtual failure. Only "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," however —the toast of Archer, Brandes, Courtney, Filon—has taken a high and fixed place in Continental repertory, it appears; and upon this play alone, regarded by many able critics as lacking in the essential elements of great tragedy, rests Mr. Pinero's claim to recognition, by foreign critics and public, as the premier dramatist of Great Britain. Fittingly enough, Mr. Shaw's only rival in the matter of European laurels is his fellow countryman and fellow townsman, Oscar Wilde, generally regarded abroad as a "World-Poet." Not without its touch of humor is the significant circumstance that the British drama gains its greatest stage triumphs abroad, not through the works of English dramatists championed by Archer, Walkley and Courtney, but through the works of countrymen of Swift and Sheridan, Goldsmith and Lever—of two Irishmen!* It may, of course, be true, as able

* As testimony to the entrance of Wilde and Shaw into European place and fame, compare the recent utterance of the distinguished critic, Dr. Carl Hagemann (*"Aufgaben des modernen Theaters"*): *"Neben den anerkannten Vertretern der Bühne der Lebenden (Ibsen, Hauptmann, Schnitzler und andere — im Musikdrama: Wagner) müssen auch die Jüngeren und Jüngsten erscheinen (alle die Wedekind, Hoffmannsthal, Vollmoeller, Eulenberg, Wilde, Shaw, Strindberg—im Musikdrama: Strauss, Schillings, Humperdinck, Weingartner, Pfitzner, Blech, Siegfried Wagner)."*

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critics have asserted, that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is "the most English of living dramatic authors, the one who expresses most brilliantly and most sincerely the spirit of his generation and his race"; and that Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero is "the one English playwright in whom the realistic genius of the nineteenth century finds full and adequate expression." The attitude of Mr. Jones is best summed up in his own view that, in all matters of the modern drama, England is no better than a parish, "with 'parochial' judgments, 'parochial' instincts, and 'parochial' ways of looking at things"; yet not the width of his views, nor the breadth of his ideas, nor the solid forthrightness of his art has yet enabled his plays successfully to span the Channel. With all his debonair and facile skill, his rhythmical undulation of emotional process, his intuitive instinct for dramatic values, and, above all, that "immense correspondence with life" which he effects with such realistic, yet artistic, sincerity, Mr. Pinero lacks the indispensable intellectual detachment, the supreme volitive conviction which must ineffaceably stamp the philosophic interpreter of modern life. Eye on the public, ear to the ground, these two men of talent dare to write plays which have conclusions but no *dénouements,* lightly and cynically compromise with morality, and find much profit in tossing huge chunks of crudely Philistine religious sentiment to that coy monster, the British public.

Mr. Shaw, it seems to me, is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced. It is not enough to say that his own frankly egoistic view of himself indubitably supports this estimate. The question here is not what Mr. Bernard Shaw may chance to think, or at least say he thinks, about himself: it is a question of fact. As a playwright, Mr. Shaw demands a distinct redistribution of dramatic values; lacking this, his dramatic career is a mere comedy, and he the Autolycus of the piece. Sympathetically appreciated in the spirit of the evolutional trend of modern, even ultra-modern, drama, he is a figure of unusual significance. Rigidly judged according to the conventional and popular canons of dramatic art, he runs the risk of being regarded as a charlatan and an impostor.

Whether as yet accurately formulated in standard works of dramatic criticism or not, the fact remains that a clear and demarcative line of division runs across the drama of to-day. On

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one side of this line fall that vast majority of plays—serious drama, comedy, melodrama, farce—which accord more or less rigidly with the established canons and authoritative traditions of dramatic art. On the other side fall the persistently crescent minority of plays which break away from the old conventions and set up new precedents for formulation by the Freytag of the future. In the first class are found those works of art which are founded upon emotion, live solely in and for the dramatic moment, and treat of the universal themes of time and age, character and destiny, life and death. They receive their impulse from eternal and enduring, rather than from topical or transitory, aspects of human life; and draw their inspiration as much, if not more, from the literature of the past as from the human pageant of the present. In the second class are found those works which start into life through the quickening touch of the contemporary; which seek an interpretation of society through the illuminative, transmutative intermediaries of all that is newest, most vitally fecund, most prophetic in the science, sociology, art and religion of to-day; and which endeavor, through faithful portraiture of the present, to detect and reveal the traits and qualities of human nature in its permanent and immutable aspects. The authors of such works find their themes chiefly in the crucial instances of to-day, the conflict of humanity with current institutions, of human wills with existent circumstances, and they have for their end a humanitarian ideal: the exposure of civic abuse, the redress of social wrong, and the regeneration, redemption and reform of society—not less than artistic fidelity to fact, satiric unmasking of human folly, and veritistic embodiment of human passion. To the one class belong Shakespeare, Calderon, Schiller, Rostand; to the other, Charles Reade, Ibsen, Gorki, Brieux. It is a fundamental characteristic of Bernard Shaw that he belongs to the second class—in this respect he is sealed of the tribe of Rousseau, Dumas *fils*, Zola and Tolstoi.

Through the powerful social thrust of modern art, there has forged to the front a new and disquieting force. As an isolated phenomenon, this force has occasionally made its appearance in the past; but as a distinct genus it may justly be regarded as a creation of the new social order. To scoff at rather than to study, to dismiss cavalierly rather than to examine conscientiously, this new force, were as short-sighted and senseless as to deny its exist-

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ence. We are in duty bound to consider and to weigh, carefully and critically, the claims of this "dramatist of the future" as opposed to the classic virtues of the dramatist working frankly in the manner of tradition. The dramatist who conforms to popular and critical standards is an artist facile in revealing either character in action or action in character, invariable in interpreting life from the side of the emotions, and resolute in imaging drama as a true conflict of wills—in a word, the artist gifted with what the French so aptly term *la doigté du dramaturge*. He recognizes the drama as the most impersonal of the arts, and sedulously devotes himself to the realization of Victor Hugo's dictum that dramatic art consists in being somebody else. On the other hand, the new type of dramatist—the dramatist of the future, if you will—is no less an artist than the other; his primal distinction is his demand for that large independence of rules and systems which Turgenev posited as the indispensable requisite of great art. Just as Zola enlarged the conception of the function of the novel, sublimating it into a powerful and far-reaching instrument for social and moral propagandism, so this new dramaturgic iconoclast demands the stage as an instrumentality for the exposition, diffusion and wide dissemination of his views and theories—upon standards of morality, rules of conduct, codes of ethics and philosophies of life. With him there is no question of importing the methods of the blue book into the drama; nor would he, in any broad sense, idly shirk what Walter Pater terms the responsibility of the artist to his material. He accepts the natural limitations, not the mechanical restrictions, of his art; he does not seek to appropriate the privileges, while refusing to shoulder the responsibilities, of his medium. His distinction arises from his discovery of the hackneyed, but ever-alarming and heretical, truth, that life is greater than art. For art's sake alone he refuses to exist, with strange perversity insisting that he lives not only for the sake of art, but also for the sake of humanity.

That subtle critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley, writes:

"After all, we must recall this truth: the primordial function of the artist—whatever his means of artistic expression—is to be a purveyor of pleasure, and the man who can give us a refined intellectual pleasure or a pleasure of moral nature or of social sympathy, or else a pleasure which arises from being given an unexpected or wider outlook upon life

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—this man imparts to us a series of delicate and moving sensations which the spectacle simply of technical address, of theatrical talent, can never inspire. And this man is no other than Bernard Shaw."*

It is vivid, then, that Bernard Shaw does not appeal to us primarily as a dramatist. In his plays we look almost in vain for those crucial emotional conjunctures, those climactic soul crises, which dramatic critics announce to be the criteria of authentic drama—the *scène à faire* of a Sarcey or a Brunetière. His fundamental claim to our attention consists in his effort toward the destruction of false ideals and of the illusions which obsess the soul of man. The false ideals which lead men astray and blind them to a sense of the real truth are the bane of his existence. He conceives it his function to tear the mask of idealism from the face of fact. In his attack upon illusions, he is neither so blind nor so narrow as not to realize their far-reaching, and oftentimes beneficent, effect. A few years ago, Mr. Shaw wrote in *"L'Humanité Nouvelle"*:

"Suppress that phase of human activity which consists in the pursuit of illusions, and you suppress the greatest force in the world. Do not suppose that the pursuit of illusions is a vain pursuit: on the contrary, an illusion can no more exist without reality than a shadow without an object. Unfortunately the majority of men are so constituted that reality repels, while illusions attract them."

With acute psychologic insight, he draws a distinction between two classes of illusions: those which flatter, and those which are indispensable. By flattering illusions he understands those which encourage us to make efforts to attain things which we do not know how to appreciate in their simple reality; either they reconcile us to our lot, or else to actions we are obliged to take against our conscience. These are, indeed, deplorable consequences in the eyes of the humanitarian meliorist who believes that to be reconciled to one's lot is the worst fate that can befall mankind, and who once said that the one real tragedy in life is the being used by personally minded men for purposes which you yourself recognize to be base. He does, however, recognize the value of a certain class of illusions, the indispensable illusions—the masks that must clothe reality before it can awake the interest of man, or attract his attention, or even be perceived by him. Such, for appropriate example, is the illusion of the Socialist, who always sees Labor as a martyr crucified between the

* "*Le Temps*," August 28th, 1905.

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two thieves of Capital; his enthusiasm is kept at fever-heat by the consciousness that the laborer is always a model of thrift and sobriety, while the capitalist is a tyrant, an assassin and a scoundrel! Were Socialism compelled to stand or fall upon the strength and stability of its economic stamina and sociologic structure alone, instead of upon its illusive appeal to the passion of humanity for a cause, with the concomitant allurement of an impending revolution, its fate would indubitably be sealed.

The *métier* of Bernard Shaw is the destruction, not of the indispensable illusions which support the social structure and ultimately make for the uplift of humanity, but of those treacherously flattering illusions which ensnare men in the toils of an existence for which they have not the requisite passion, courage, faith, endurance and self-restraint. "In my plays," Mr. Shaw recently said in the Vienna "*Zeit*," "you will not be teased and plagued with happiness, goodness and virtue, or with crime and romance, or indeed with any senseless thing of that sort. My plays have only one subject: life; and only one attribute: interest in life." It is a mistake of the distinguished German dramatic critic, Herr Heinrich Stümcke, to aver that the quintessence of Shaw is *nil admirari*. It would be far nearer the truth to say that he wonders at everything in this demented, moonstruck world. He taps the moral coin of the realm, only to find it a base counterfeit. He examines the pages of history, with all its boast of science and philosophy, and is staggered by its injustice, its heartless half-truths, and the colossal error of its presentation merely as the biographies of great men. This born enemy of the Cornelian tragedy, as the brilliant German, Alfred Kerr, has termed him, dangles the heroes of history before our horrified eyes and, with inexplicable irreverence, exhibits the Supermen of the world as human beings, rather than fantastic figures in a pantheon—as human creatures in whom the elements are strangely mixed, of good and evil, of cowardice and bravery, of vanity and simplicity, of cruelty and clemency, of pettiness and greatness. In rebuttal he sounds the pæan of the nameless —the obscure genius, the unknown hero, the rare forgotten spirit —some stern, silent Carton or some mute, inglorious Milton. The law of contrasts is the *motif* of his art. He is never so brilliant as in the portrayal of opposites.

With the transcendent egotism of the genius, he unhesitatingly

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claims to see more clearly than humanity at large, having ever fought illusion, denied the ideal, and scorned to call things by other than their real names. As Hermann Bahr has said, Bernard Shaw possesses in rich measure the remarkable and exceptional talent of the great artist-critic: the ability to arouse the whole state, the whole nation against him. In his capacity of realistic critic of contemporary civilization, he is neither surprised nor confounded to encounter scepticism on all hands. Indeed, he is wise enough to expect it, since he has observed that, when reality at last presents itself to men nourished on dramatic illusions, they have lost the power to recognize it. This opposition only fires Shaw the more; like the kite, as some one has said, he rises most successfully when the *popularis aura* is against him. Thus we see him always in search of what Walter Pater was fond of calling *"la vraie vérité,"* challenging the old formulas with the new ideas, transvaluing moral values with Nietzschean fervor, and bidding humanity stand from behind its artificial barriers of custom, law, religion and morality, and dare to speak and live the truth. Like a highwayman, he is ever "holding up" humanity with his insistent and vastly annoying "Stand and deliver!"

Bernard Shaw, as Alfred Kerr has put it, is a distinct ethical gain for our generation. His prime characteristic as a propagandist—and his deficiency as a dramatist, so called—is found in his assertion that the quintessential function of comedy is the destruction of old-established morals. Hence it is that his plays are conceived in a militant spirit—in the Molièresque key of *"Les Précieuses Ridicules,"* or the Ibsenic key of "An Enemy of the People." Opposition is the very breath of his nostrils. In his comedies he hales the seven cardinal virtues before the bar of his "cynical" realism, and exposes the moral fraudulency which they conceal. Against the ideal of self-abnegation, the Christian ideal that supreme goodness is supreme martyrdom, he sets the ideal of self-realization, the Nietzschean ideal that supreme greatness is supreme individualism. Romantic sentiment — synonymous in his opinion with the sensualistic caterwaulings abhorred of Thomas Huxley—he would replace by pure science in physics —the attitude of a Lester Ward or a Westermarck. To the ideal of heroism—the search for the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth—he opposes the practicality of common sense, the efficient and executive ability of a Kitchener or a Grant. To the

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evolutionary hypothesis of a Darwin, the survival of the fittest of a Spencer, he opposes the selective breeding of a Galton, the predeterminative creation of a Burbank or a Nietzsche.

The startling feature of his plays is their argumentative and controversial character. They are expository lectures, in dramatic form, on the "Shavian philosophy." One of his plays he has actually sub-entitled: "A Discussion in Three Acts." And yet, with consummate shrewdness, Mr. Shaw fully realizes that, if the dramatist take sides in a dramatic wrangle, he is lost. A sense of the most absolute fairness and impartiality pervades and dominates his plays. Every character has his say without let or hindrance; and the whole play is signalized by the "honesty of its dialectic." By means of elaborate elucidative prefaces, lacking which certain subtler intentions in his plays would pass unnoticed, by means of elaborate stage directions, which mirror with remarkable delicacy and finish the minutest features of the author's conception, Mr. Shaw adds vastly to the effectiveness and carrying power of his plays, creating of his readers a sort of Shavian microcosm. Mr. Shaw's brilliant essays at writing *die Komödie der Zeit* lead Hermann Bahr to hope that he will influence "our whole German development," and impel him to rank Shaw without hesitation as the equal of Hauptmann and Schnitzler. "He teaches us the lesson of renunciation—to know that we never can know all that most intimately concerns us, to know that we cannot grasp absolute truth, but only our perception thereof—never reality, but only appearance, the appearance of an actual life which leaves a bitter-sweet after-taste upon our tongue." In common with the critic G. K. Chesterton, Shaw possesses in rare degree the gift of adapting means to end—the unerring sense for the right word in the right place. Like the ablest French writers, notably Henry Becque, he has learned the secret of reaching the clearest solution by the simplest means.

From the standpoint of the dramatic critic, the chief defect of Mr. Shaw as dramatist is that his plays often exhibit not so much character in conflict as views of life in animated opposition. It is Mr. Shaw's *idée fixe* that, since Ibsen has lived and written, the drama can never be anything more than the play of ideas. Doubtless because of his belief that philosophic content is the touchstone of real greatness in art—that Bunyan is greater than Shakespeare, Blake than Lamb, Ibsen than Swinburne, Shaw

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than Pinero—his plays have something of the rigidity of theses. The plays of this ideologue always *donnent à penser furieusement.* His intellect is so radioactive, his psychic prevision so acute that his plays not infrequently suffer from the malady of the *à priori;* sometimes they are even stricken down with what Wagner called the incurable disease of thought.

In Bernard Shaw we discern the marvellous versatility of the modern critic, capable of making himself at home in any nationality and in any age. But whether he is giving us an Offenbachian Egypt, a comic-opera Bulgaria, a melodramatic America, or an imaginary Morocco, the result is the same: a portrayal of human nature, a criticism of life, penetrating, engaging, true. He possesses in rich measure the supreme faculty of the critic: "*in fremden Seelengehaüse hineinzuschlüpfen,*" as Dr. Max Meyerfeld, the German champion of Wilde, has neatly put it. One of his most diverting traits as a humorist—and a defect as a dramatist—is his idiosyncrasy for self-mockery and self-puffery. There is nothing, not even himself, about which he will not jest; for, to use an Oscarism, he respects life too deeply to discuss it seriously. He is a master of that art of burlesque which, in Brunetière's harsh characterization, consists "in the expansion of the ego in the joyous satisfaction of its own vulgarity." One of the truest words, spoken in jest, is Mr. Shaw's confession that the main obstacle to the performance of his plays has been—himself! In contradistinction to the classic formula—that the drama should be the most impersonal of the arts—Mr. Shaw's drama may be defined as a revelation of the personality of Mr. Shaw. It is his claim that he sees life clearly; but how strangely unfamiliar many things appear after they have been filtered through the Shavian temperament! "We must agree with him," concludes M. Filon, "and accept—or reject—the dramatic work of Mr. Shaw as it is, namely, as the expression of the ideas, sentiments and fantasies of Mr. Shaw!"

Of one thing at least there can be no question: that Bernard Shaw is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced. No juster or more significant characterization of this man can be made than that he is a penetrating and astute critic of contemporary civilization. He is typical of this disquieting century—with its intellectual brilliancy, its ironic nonsense, its flippant humor, its devouring

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scepticism, its profound social and religious unrest. The relentless thinking, the large perception of the comic, which stamp this man, are interpenetrated with "the ironic consciousness of the twentieth century." In him rages the dæmonic, half-insensate intuition of a Blake, with his seer's faculty for inverted truism; while the close, detective cleverness of his ironic paradoxes demonstrates him to be a Becque upon whom has fallen the mantle of a Gilbert. In the limning of character, the mordantly revelative strokes of a Hogarth, shaded by the lighter pencil of a Gavarni, pronounce him to be a realist of satiric portraiture. The enticingly audacious impudence of a Robertson, with his mercurial transitions and electric contrasts, is united with the exquisite effrontery of a Whistler, with his devastating *jeux d'esprit* and the *ridentem dicere verum*. If he is a Celtic *Molière de nos jours*, it is a Molière into whom has passed the insouciant spirit of a Wilde. If Bernard Shaw is the Irish Ibsen, it is, as Eduard Bernstein has said a laughing Ibsen—looking out upon a half-mad world with the riant eyes of a Heine, a Chamfort, or a Sheridan.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

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ENGLISH STYLE.

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

"Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art;
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad, by what they write."

It is idle to ignore the deep, far-reaching significance of the fact that to-day many even well-educated persons indicate by their speech and writing an increasing indifference to anything approaching a due regard for English style. Such indifference is by no means a trivial or negligible matter, since, as a rule, a feeble, faulty style is associated not only with platitude, but frequently with intellectual error, as well as with a disregard, if not contempt, for true culture. As Mr. Benson says:

"Very few people are on the lookout for style nowadays. The ordinary reader is quite indifferent to it, and the ordinary critic is quite unaware what it is. . . . The mistake is to think that there is much intellectual or artistic feeling abroad. . . . Indeed, the appreciation of intellectual and artistic excellence has distinctly decreased in the last fifty years; and probably the reason why there is a lack of great writers is that we do not at the present time want them. We want a sparkling, heady beverage; not an old, fragrant, mellow vintage. It is an age of cigarettes, champagne, golf, motors,—brisk, active, lively, brief things; not an age of reflection or repose."

Matthew Arnold says, in speaking of our intolerance of any supervisory body like the French Academy:

"We like to be suffered to lie comfortably in the old straw of our habits, particularly of intellectual habits, even though the straw may not be very clean and fine."

If we are mindful of our duty and even of our interest, we must not be content until we have done what lies in our power to correct

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such deplorable conditions. Especially in America are we charged with this responsibility.

We have many magazines which provide entertainment along with their pages of advertisements of wares and nostrums; and we give inadequate support to only one or two publications of a high order of literary excellence; and articles of distinct merit even in these are not by any means the rule. We can measure the extent of such a loss when we consider that volumes and volumes on our library shelves, constituting a priceless part of our literature, represent merely contributions to the magazines of the authors' day now bound together as books. It is a long catalogue of splendid names, among which are to be numbered those of Carlyle, Macaulay, Addison, Arnold, Stevens and Johnson. "There were giants in the earth in those days."

It is at best doubtful whether our universities are doing their share of the work of correction. From the curriculums of some of them the classics, with all their qualifications for intellectual training and for the inculcation of an understanding and love of what is true style, have been largely omitted. Our universities are teaching many things; just how much of what they are teaching can be fairly regarded as a substitute, if there be any substitute, for that which has been thus omitted is quite another question.

Apparently, a special department for the teaching of English will not suffice. President Thwing of the Western Reserve University says, in a late number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

> "Oxford has no special chair devoted to the training of students in the art of English composition. For thirty years and more, the American College has been emphasizing this department and form of instruction. The Oxford system presupposes that the writing of English is an art and a science in which it is a duty of every instructor to give tuition. The department is not a department. It does not represent segregations. It must be confessed that the results of the two systems seem to favor the Oxford interpretation and method. One comprehensive deficiency of the American system is found in the lack of a sense of style which most of the writing done by American students shows."

So keen an observer as Mr. Howells, in one of his recent books, contrasts the "slovenliness" of speech of the best type of the American undergraduate with "the beauty of utterance" of the Oxford student.

While it is true that to our over-devotion to the exacting de-

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mands of trade and commerce, and to neglect in the home circle and in the preparatory school, is to be traced much of our indifference to English style, and therefore to culture; yet, in the opinion of those qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject, some of our great educational institutions are blameworthy and must accept their share of the responsibility.

It is not presumptuous, therefore, for one with only such information on the subject as is possessed by persons of ordinary education, to call attention to existing methods which neither meet with the approval of the observant scholar nor accomplish the desired results.

Moreover, not only does the Oxford student speak the English language better than the American student, but the graduate of our best universities not a score of years ago spoke it with a grace and precision compared with which the conversation of many a graduate of the present day is a close approach to a kind of jargon. There has been of late years a distinct decadence in literary expression. With our undue striving after "practical" things and results, we have established in some of our universities the form of a drill or routine instruction for the writing of correct English, but apparently we are content with the form. It would seem, at best, doubtful whether appropriate prominence has been given to the development of a love for English literature.

It is not meant by this statement to suggest that text-books on rhetoric can be dispensed with. Quite the contrary. They are essential to the mastery of the art of writing, though the knowledge acquired from a study of them should not be displayed offensively, any more than need the decalogue be referred to with ostentation by the man of honor as his guide to right conduct.

The text-books, however, should be those which, both by precept and example, teach the principles of English composition, and not merely a series of ungraceful, though correct, directions strung together as rigid rules. They must be books which are the product of the scholar's effort, and which will persuade the student to turn to the open page of literature, whence will come the incentive and inspiration to grace and vigor of expression. The standard works on rhetoric accomplish this result and are not lightly to be cast aside; if any new treatise is to be written, it must supplement these works, and not attempt to supplant them.

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The whole subject receives a fresh interest by reason of the issue from the publication office of Harvard University of a pamphlet containing among other things illustrations of errors in the writing of English by students applying for admission to Harvard College. Many of the sentences, it is true, are sorry exhibitions of a total lack of a knowledge of English style on the part of the ordinary American student, though some of them, it may be suggested, do not deserve the censure they receive. But, while it is made abundantly clear that there are students incapable of writing anything approaching graceful, forceful English, a cursory examination of the pamphlet discloses the fact that more than one sentence of its authors cannot be said to be above reproach.

The chief significance of the pamphlet, however, lies in the fact that it goes out of its way to commend a work on "English Composition," by the Professor of English Literature in Harvard University, considered sufficiently meritorious to justify its recent republication by the Messrs. Charles Scribners' Sons of New York City, and its use as a text-book for Harvard students.

It is of deep import, not only to the instructor and the student, but also to the general reader, to know whether this book, by the Professor of English Literature in our representative university—who is himself sufficiently prominent to have been selected to deliver a course of lectures on literary subjects at Oxford and Paris—is entitled to be regarded as an authority on English composition. If it ought not to be so regarded, then we should endeavor to arrive at a correct estimate of the merits of such a book, uninfluenced in our judgment by its authorship, its commendation, or the use to which it is devoted.

For, as has been said by Mr. Moon in his masterpiece of criticism, "The Dean's English":

> **"By influential example it is that languages are moulded into whatever form they take; therefore, according as example is for good or for evil, so will a language gain in strength, sweetness, precision and elegance, or will become weak, harsh, unmeaning and barbarous."**

And Macaulay says, in defence of his rather merciless review of Robert Montgomery's poems, that

> **"The opinion of the great body of the reading public is very materially influenced even by the unsupported assertions of those who assume the right to criticise."**

It would be reasonable to expect that, under the conditions

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stated, this work on "English Composition" would be a worthy publication, and compare favorably with the standard books on rhetoric, and even with treatises on style by such distinguished men of letters as Arnold and Pater and Hazlitt and De Quincey. Yet it can be confidently asserted that this reasonable expectation is not realized; that neither for its precept nor for its example is the book justly entitled to be commended; and that in it are found emphasized many objectionable methods of imparting instruction in English writing.

Some new definitions are attempted, but these are neither particularly happy nor comprehensive. Along with some rather solemn insistence upon principles the correctness of which is generally conceded, we find a certain finality in statements concerning things about which men have agreed there may be a justifiable difference of opinion, while many obvious facts are described in detail as if the author were announcing to the world some great intellectual discovery. We find crudities, inaccuracies, mistakes of grammar and exhibitions of at least questionable scholarship. There are also some enigmatical observations as to the art of writing; but, as Mr. John Morley has said, "a platitude is not turned into a profundity by being dressed up as a conundrum."

There is little in the book indicating an abounding charity, or even a fair consideration, for the views of others; men and things unwelcome to the author are treated with scant courtesy.

The author says that particularly journalists, along "with most of us, generally speak or write hastily, without leisure to consider details of style." There are, however, in the city of New York several newspapers in which no editorial so loosely and so inartistically put together as the greater part of this book, is ever printed. Legal language is referred to as associated with "bewildering, slovenly masses of words." Yet, the brief of many a trained advocate at the Bar of New York is written with more idiomatic, graceful, forceful English than is characteristic of this book.

Wendell Phillips, whose name is found high on the roll of great orators, is called "the cleverest of our oratorical tricksters." Of Emerson the author says, "Emerson's indubitable obscurity to ordinary readers I take to be a matter of actual thought." The sentence which the author quotes in illustration of his assertion is the following, which he "fails to understand at all":

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"The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God; yet forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable."

As we read on in "English Composition" we shall have cause to wonder what would have been the result if the author had undertaken to restate the great spiritual truth expressed by Emerson in such simple, impressive words.

There are long rambling references to things which are at least trivial. On pages 35, 36 and 37, in the discussion of the sentences "Nero killed Agrippina," and "*Nero interfecit Agrippinam,*"—with the commentary, among other things, that it is the convenient final "m" which "does Agrippina's business,"—as in the discussion on pages 107, 108 and 109 of the sentence, "I started up, and a scream was heard," with its variations "I started up and screamed" and "I started up with a scream," it is made clear *ad nauseam* that the most obvious conclusions are defensible.

Much of the treatment of the subject cannot be said to be on a very elevated plane. We are told about "our present business," "our next business," "the chief part of our business"; "the matter in hand," "the chief matter in hand" and "the real matter in hand." Things "at bottom" are of this or that character; the writer's art is a "trade with tricks"; we have "pieces of style" as well as "pieces of writing" and "pieces of literature"; "clauses are thrown into grammatical form"; words are "pitched upon," and ideas are referred to as "packed," not only within prose sentences, but into exquisite lines of verse.

Even in quotations by the author we find inaccuracy and looseness.

On page 295 we read: "No man is great to his body-servant, you remember." No one remembers this. What we do remember is that "No man is a hero to his valet," a fairly accurate translation of a French line.

In speaking of Emerson, the author says, on page 208: "Consistency, if I remember aright, he somewhere declares to be the chief vice of little minds." The author did not remember aright. What Emerson wrote was that "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

The following statement is fairly typical of some of the attempts to deal with the subject after a scholarly method (pages 56 and 58):

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"Etymology, in short, is a most interesting study or pastime; and the history of this *potpourri* of an English of ours makes the fit words for simple ideas—ideas of fighting, for example, or of spontaneous aspiration—chiefly Saxon in their origin; but the same history makes the fit words for more contemplative ideas—ideas of literary criticism, for example, or of deliberate meditation—chiefly Latin. . . . Big words are apt to be Latin, and little to be Saxon; *acknowledge* and *damn* to the contrary notwithstanding."

To condemn any such statement we do not need to contrast it with the language of the scholar, as found in books like "Words and Their Ways in English Speech," by Professors Greenough and Kittredge of Harvard. In comparison with even the common knowledge possessed by all persons reasonably well informed as to the genesis of English speech, the statement quoted lacks seriousness.

Again, on pages 282 and 283, there is a discussion as to the choice of the word "Elegance" for the title of one of the chapters of the book. The use of this obvious word needed no defence, and as matter of fact the author admits he adopted the three divisions of his subject, "Clearness, Force and Elegance," from Professor Adams S. Hill's book. The author, however, insists on justifying his choice of the word by a reference to what is termed its derivation from "*ex*" and "*lego*," which he says "mean literally to pick out, to choose from among some great mass of things the one thing that shall best serve our purpose, etc." The author by such a method could have justified for the title of his chapter the use of "Election," which much more directly than "elegance" is derived from "*ex*" and "*lego*." The fact is that our word "elegance" is probably traceable directly or indirectly to the Latin "*elegans*," to which was already attached its figurative meaning before it was adopted into our language; and "*elegans*" was not derived from the verb "*lego*" of Latin literature, but from an obsolete verb of the first conjugation. The whole discussion absolutely and relatively is misleading.

Such resort to etymology is, as a rule, of little aid in determining the precise meaning which usage attaches to words. Mr. Marsh in his "Lectures on the English Language," and Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge, in their book above referred to, have an emphatic condemnation of "such false linguistic doctrine."

On page 46 there is this sentence:

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"And I know that there are few more unidiomatic absurdities than those of the gentlemen who insist on spelling Alfred Aelfred, and Virgil with an *e*, and otherwise on impairing that irrational, spontaneous variety which people who love English know to be one of its most subtile charms."

That such a peculiarity in spelling has anything to do with an idiomatic absurdity will be news to most persons; and, in the thoughts of some unamiable reader, the author's rather flippant assumption of superiority to the scholars who insist that "Vergil" is a correct spelling may well seem to border on a kind of arrogance.

The expression "it is me" is defended as idiomatic for the reason that "it is I" is conceived to be pedantic. The distinction in the use of the auxiliary verbs *shall* and *will* is by no means forcibly or fully stated.

While it is true that some accepted rules of writing are correctly set forth, they are found as well if not better expressed by other authors; and perhaps it may not be unfair to say, as to this part of the book, what Webster said of the Free-soil party:

"I have read their platform, and though I think there are some unsound places in it, I can stand upon it pretty well; but I see nothing in it both new and valuable: what is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable."

When, however, we consider the style of the book, it is exceptional to find sentences which are not censurable for their feeble or ungraceful structure; and the quotations which follow —reproduced as printed, except that words are italicized in order to emphasize errors—are selected from among similar sentences almost at random.

The methods which, after a reflection of ten years, the author adopts and recommends for intellectual production are, to say the least, novel; some persons might pronounce them not serious.

"On separate bits of paper—cards, if they be at hand—I write down the separate headings that occur to me, in what seems to me the natural order. Then, when my little pack of cards is complete—in other words, when I have a card for every heading which I think of—I study them and sort them almost as deliberately as I should sort a hand at whist; and it has very rarely been my experience to find that a shift of arrangement will not decidedly improve the original order. . . . A few minutes' shuffling of these little cards has often revealed to me more than I should have learned by hours of unaided pondering."

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There are, however, other methods, for on page 211 we read:

"My method of clearing my ideas is by no means the only one. I have known people who could do it best by talking; by putting somebody in [*sic*] a comfortable chair and making him listen to their efforts to discover what they really think."

Certainly the listener undergoing such an ordeal is entitled to a comfortable chair; for the people intent on clarifying their ideas might all talk at once.

The author of this book has shown by some of his literary work that he is not without the ability to present a subject attractively. The most indifferent writing, however, seems to be good enough for this book.

On page 120 we have an example of what is considered good English:

"A *scntence* which on analysis proves *sensible* is generally *good* English. By the same token, a *paragraph sensibly* composed is beyond cavil a *good paragraph*."

To it, however, should be added this sentence from page 35:

"A style that sticks together is coherent; a style whose parts hang loose is not";

and also the following intellectual nugget from page 193:

"In the first place, any *piece* of style appeals to the *understanding;* we *understand* it, or we do not *understand* it, or we are doubtful whether we *understand* it or not; in other words, it has an intellectual quality."

Sentence after sentence will be found ending with "what not" and "and so on," long before the expression of the thought has approached completion. For instance, on page 112 we read:

"As I utter these words in combination, the pronoun calls up certain individualities of face and form and manner and dress, *and what not*."

On page 167 we read:

"There may be living occasional individuals who have resisted the impulse to skip the endless lucubrations of Dryasdust *and what not;* but I do not remember having met one."

On page 89 we read:

"I have said enough, I hope, to show that the *fundamental difference* between periodic sentences and loose is about the same as the *fundamental differences* we discussed between *different* kinds of words,—Latin and Saxon, big and little, *and so on;* it is a *difference* of effect."

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On pages 76, 125, 128 and 190 we have more of these "*and so ons.*"

Clearly, the reader is entitled to know the author's meaning, and to insist that he be not foreclosed of information by these meaningless "what nots" and "and so ons." There is about as much propriety in this kind of writing as there was in the conduct of the country minister who, after reading in Genesis of the genealogy of the patriarchs, how Adam begat Seth and Seth begat sons and daughters, summed up the remainder of the chapter by the rather novel and yet comprehensive assertion: "And so they kept on begetting to the end of the chapter."

Here are illustrations of favorite but quite indefensible expressions distributed throughout the book:

"Are not short sentences preferable to long? What long sentences are, and short, I leave to your common sense; what anybody can perceive needs no definition" (page 89).

"From this, two or three conclusions follow, sometimes laid down as distinct rules. Obviously a short sentence is less apt to stray out of unity than a long; a periodic than a loose" (page 98).

"If our object be to ramble, then not to ramble were to blunder; but in general our object is to produce a definite effect and not a nebulous" (page 162).

"Perhaps the simplest way to show the superiority of carefully planned work to carelessly, is to compare," etc. (page 181).

Repetition of the same words is persisted in, as in one of the sentences just quoted, when its avoidance is required by euphony and the rules of graceful writing. We read:

"And the *more* you analyze your impressions of style the *more* you will find, unless your experience differs surprisingly from *most*, that," etc. (page 8).

"In a book on rhetoric I lately read is a long *quotation* from some respectable *man of letters* concerning what the career of a *man of letters* ought to be; and at the end of the *quotation* he who *quotes* writes thus" (page 205).

The following quotation is from the chapter on "Elegance":

"And whoever should say that passionate writing cannot have the trait before us now—the *quality* that pleases the taste—as well as the intellectual *quality* clearness, and the emotional *quality* force, would obviously say something that would make his *notion* of the *quality* very different from the *notion* I am trying to lay before you."

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Perhaps a frivolous and provincial person might say by way of paradox, that this sentence lacks "quality."

On page 71, there is this sentence:

"It is not what it seemed at first,—simply to *pitch* upon a word by which good use has agreed with reasonable approximation to *name* the idea he wishes to *arouse*. *It is equally, if not more,* to make sure that the word he chooses shall not only *name* the idea distinctly enough to identify it, but also *name* it by a *name*—if such a *name* is to be found—which shall *arouse*," etc.

We can all recall from the great books of literature the impressive and often electric effect of judicious repetition, but it is of a different quality from that so lavishly displayed in "English Composition."

Throughout the book the relative pronoun "that" is over and over again used to excess where the employment of "which" is demanded by good usage or euphony. Evidently the author has determined to deny "The humble petition of WHO and WHICH" against being supplanted by the "jack sprat THAT," as playfully submitted by Steele in "The Spectator."

There are attempts like the following to contribute to the sum of our knowledge. On page 32 is this sentence:

"What distinguishes *written words* from *spoken*, literature from the colloquial language that precedes it, is that *written words* address themselves to the eye and *spoken words* to the ear. Though this fundamental physical fact has been neglected by the makers of text-books, I know *few* more important."

It may be said that the fact referred to has not been neglected by the makers of text-books, if by the "makers of text-books" we are warranted in guessing that the author meant to describe the writers of books on Rhetoric and Composition; and having in mind the well-known lines of *Ars Poetica* we may add that the oft-pointed-out distinction is as old as Horace and the hills.

On page 209 we have the following:

"To be clear in narrative, or in exposition, or in argument, or in any kind of discourse whatever, we must evidently *proceed* from what is known to what is unknown; and if at any point in this *process* we permit our style to become vague or ambiguous or obscure,—in other words, *so to express ourselves* either that our meaning may *rationally* be mistaken or that we may *rationally* be supposed to have no meaning at all,—we may resign ourselves," etc.

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Aside from the characteristic faults of the author, it may be stated that the "so to express ourselves" is inadmissible. The context requires the expression "if we so express ourselves," etc.; or the "to" before "express" must be omitted.

There are many sentences exhibiting an ingenious variety of infelicities in the choice and use of words fatal to a correct and pleasing style; but lack of space forbids more than this passing reference to them.

Then, too, an indefensible order of words produces at times an effect almost grotesque.

On page 94 we read:

"Of course, these few examples indicate the development of style in a very rough way."

On page 23, the italics being the author's, we read:

"'I noticed a dirty *gamin*,' writes a student; and another, using a word now confined at Harvard College to street urchin, describes the same small boy as a *mucker*."

Perhaps one may suggest that the confinement had not been very rigorous; for clearly the word has broken jail and is enjoying its liberty in street talk and sometimes elsewhere.

On page 33 we are edified with this rather surprising statement:

"Or again, remark a fact that is becoming in my literary studies comically general: familiar quotations from celebrated books are almost always to be found at the beginning or the end. 'Music hath charms' are the opening words of Congreve's 'Mourning Bride.' Don Quixote fights with the windmill very early in the first volume; he dies with the remark that there are no birds in *last* year's nests near the end of the *last*."

The advice to the shoemaker to "stick to his last" does not work well when applied literally in authorship.

On page 183 we are regaled with this utterance:

"Perhaps the cleverest variation of all is that by which such treason to a friend as *makes* Proteus odious is *made*, simply by attributing it to Helena, a woman, a very venial matter."

Mr. Choate, with his inimitable humor, dismissed the claim of the equality of woman to man by the statement that woman at best was but a "side issue." It was reserved for the author of "English Composition," however, to assert that woman is "a very venial matter."

With the following sentences, which embody much that is typical of the author's style, together with what may not im-

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properly be regarded as a fitting commentary on "English Composition," the limit of quotations for a magazine article will have been reached.

"All the carelessness of habitual speech and *writing* rarely suffices to make a *note* of *something* recent by any means as indistinct as a *note* of the same *thing* after an interval. While sometimes a mere *matter* of style, vagueness is oftener an actual *matter* of thought. In a *general* way, a vague *writer* does not know what he wants to say, and so *generally says something* that may mean a great many different *things*."

The author properly enough, as one will see who inspects the two books, has acknowledged his obligations to the text-book of Professor Hill, in which are printed side by side many examples of incorrect and correct sentences. To Professor Hill's work could be added no mean supplement devoted entirely to the reconstruction of faulty sentences from "English Composition." For such use the author may properly claim he has written an acceptable text-book entitled to an extended circulation;

Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quae ferrum valet exors ipsa secandi.

It can be said without exaggeration that the foregoing sentences are fairly illustrative of the unfortunate methods employed in this book. In the true sense it cannot be said to have any style at all. Errors in scores of its sentences are apparent even to the most inexperienced writer; and it is the exception to find thoughts expressed with either grace or vigor. Even in the quality of clearness, the book is full of transgressions, while to the precision and niceties and beauty of the English language it seems quite oblivious. Yet at Harvard University, which prides itself upon its method of instruction in the study of our language, "English Composition" is commended by its faculty and used as a text-book. In one of our great institutions of learning, therefore, the judgment of Addison that no critical writer "has ever pleased or been looked upon as authentic who did not show by his practice that he was master of the theory" seems obsolete. And the pity of it all is the author has made it clear by his other publications that he could have written a worthy book on English composition.

Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

Assuredly the time has come for the educated people of the community to express in no uncertain voice their disapproval of

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such conditions. In the possession of what Emerson terms our great metropolitan English speech and of our English literature, we are the trustees of a splendid and priceless treasure. It is our duty and our privilege to transmit it at least undisfigured and unimpaired to succeeding generations; while the few who are fitted for the task are bound to do what lies in their power to increase that possession in volume and in charm.

It is to be feared, however, that we are unable to render a very creditable account of our stewardship, and that our indifference to literary expression and to culture is but a symptom of much that is of evil import.

As we have been directing our restless energy towards commercial supremacy, made possible by laws which have perhaps been too prodigal in their promotion and protection of industry, we have, in order to insure our success, cast out of our life much of its composure and its true rewards; we have failed often to discern the relative importance of things, or to appraise them at their real value; we have even fallen short of many duties we owe to our neighbor and the State. As we have grown fat with material prosperity, we have starved ourselves spiritually. It will profit us much to exchange some of our "practical" aims and results for a few old-fashioned standards of ideals and of conduct.

Then, too, if it be not yet taught from the pulpit, it is beginning to be recognized that in the divine order of the world there never has been and never will be a place for the intervention of miracle or accident, and it is reasonably certain that new beliefs and readjustments will enter into our religious faith. We must seek out some compensation for the consequent loss.

More and more, as these thoughts are brought home to us, the great books of literature, of which the Bible is supreme,—whether we regard their never-failing springs of intellectual joy, their lofty aspirations after truth and beauty, their deep insight into the perplexing problems of the world or their conception of righteousness—should come to occupy a revered place and assert a controlling influence in the lives of men.

Nor ought we to consider our higher education complete until a just appreciation of what is best in the classic authors has become part of it. As Mr. Woodrow Wilson said, in his inaugural address as President of Princeton University:

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"The classical literatures give us, in tones and with an authentic accent we can nowhere else hear, the thoughts of an age we cannot visit. They contain airs of a time not our own, unlike our own, and yet its foster parent. To these things was the modern thinking world first bred. In them speaks a time naïve, pagan, an early morning day when men looked upon the earth while it was fresh, untrodden by crowding thought, an age when the mind moved as it were without prepossessions and with an unsophisticated, childlike curiosity, a season apart during which those seats upon the Mediterranean seem the first seats of thoughtful men. We shall not anywhere else get a substitute for it. The modern mind has been built upon that culture and there is no authentic equivalent."

We must promote these tendencies unless we are prepared to witness consequences that are for the benefit neither of ourselves nor of the Republic; and to promote them we must be intolerant of such books as "English Composition," which with their confusion of expression persuade no one to a love and a reverence for letters.

For that which distinguishes great authors above their contemporaries is the style of their work. That which gives even to Shakespeare his surpassing excellence is not only that intellectually he was more perfectly equipped than all the goodly company of which he was a part, but also that he wrote with a nobility and splendor of expression which made him "not of an age, but for all time."

Great thoughts and great emotions find their true interpretation and are made manifest in the infinite variety of the style of illustrious, creative minds, as the several strings of a musical instrument are waked to harmony by the touch of genius. There is the Leit-Motif in letters as there is in music. Style is not something separate and apart from literature, any more than, in the conception of the devout worshipper, is God Himself a being outside of and aloof from the throbbing life of His universe. Style is not a mere ornamentation and adornment of the written word, but its very soul; and it will find eloquent and persuasive utterance when, as though within a great temple, men shall have consecrated themselves anew to the spirit of culture.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

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THE NEGRO SOLDIER IN WAR AND PEACE

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

THE negro soldier is no new thing even in these brand-new United States. Some of them fought with clubbed muskets at Bunker Hill, and others were eulogized by Washington for their conduct at Red Bank. Old Hickory himself, who had ideas about the proper place of the black man which are no longer sanctioned by the Constitution, speaks appreciatively of the services rendered by his Sambos in the Creek War. In the history of our Mexican adventure, there is little or no mention of the negro as a fighting-man, and this I take to be one of the surest indications that the color feeling had arisen and the race question was presented as never before.

During the Civil War, close on to two hundred thousand negroes, for weal or woe, became "Uncle Sam's boys" and wore the blue. Their services were, as was to have been expected, good, bad and indifferent. When the War was over and negro volunteers lorded it over the capitals of the conquered Southern States, the question inevitably arose as to what part the negro was to play in our future civic and military life. At this time, words of great wisdom were spoken by Agassiz:

"No man has a right to what he is unfit to use. Our own best rights have been acquired successively. I cannot, therefore, think it just or safe to grant at once to the negro all the privileges which we ourselves have acquired by long struggles. History teaches us what terrible reactions have followed too extensive and too rapid changes. Let us beware of granting too much to the negro race in the beginning, lest it become necessary hereafter to deprive them of some of the privileges which they may use to their own and our detriment."

Yet, later, even this scientific seer was carried off his feet; for when, as Mr. Rhodes relates, Colonel Higginson returned from the war and said that his black soldiers had behaved ad-

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mirably both in camp and under fire, Agassiz exclaimed: "Then they must vote, of course. The man who risks his life for his country has the right to vote in it."

When Lincoln died, his plan of restricting the franchise to the very intelligent colored men and to those who had fought gallantly in the Union army was dropped. The Reconstruction acts, shaped by the raging Stevens in one wing of the Capitol and the furious Sumner in the other, became the law of the land; and, with the unrestricted ballot, the musket was logically given also. By statute it was provided that colored men only should be enlisted for two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry; for the first time in history, the negro entered the regular military establishment, and the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry were formed. From that day to this, these organizations have invariably been quartered in the Southern States or upon the alkali plains of the Far West. Whenever, by the routine of the War Department, a colored troop or a colored company was assigned for duty in a New England post, the Representatives in Congress of the threatened State have intervened and the unwelcome orders have been cancelled. No less important a personage than the late Senator Proctor, of Vermont, is said to have admitted that the most arduous struggle of his whole career was the one during the Cleveland administration to keep negro troops out of Fort Ethan Allen. However, he succeeded. Of course, in some sections of the South there is a feeling against colored regiments, not unnatural in view of what occurred during the unhappy years of military government in which they were made to play a conspicuous part; and upon the frontiers there are or were cow-punchers quick to shoot and greasers prone to handy strokes with knives; but, with all due consideration for these circumstances, no one who reads the list of brutal outrages committed by negro troops upon white civilians, which Congressman Slayden has culled almost exclusively from the cold, unemotional records of the War Department, can deny that it furnishes a by no means flimsy foundation for his demand that the enlistment of negroes for military service be discontinued.

In Army circles, however, certain merits of the negro recruit are conceded. You can make him look and act like a soldier more quickly than the white man, it is said. More than is the

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case with the white soldier his conduct depends upon the fitness of his officers for command. The War Department, enlightened by Civil War experience, recognized that the negro soldier required at once firm and delicate handling, and the best officers have always been sent to serve in colored regiments, a system which accounts for the fact that the behavior of the colored troops has been as good as it has been, and for the interesting circumstance that, with perhaps the single exception of General Chaffee, the officers who have reached high rank and distinction in the last decade have passed their regimental years with colored organizations. Curiously enough, the best company officers of the negro troops have generally been of Southern birth and breeding, men like Shipp and Smith and Augustin, whose fathers wore the gray, but who died leading their black soldiers to victory on the slopes of San Juan no less gallantly than did Shaw in a previous generation and in a greater war.

The Spanish War afforded the negro regulars their first opportunity to show their metal as trained troops upon the theatre of actual war; and, as soon as the Santiago land attack was decided upon, the four black regiments were ordered to join the expedition. Unfortunately, even at such a moment, the Twenty-fifth Infantry added another disgraceful episode to its already chequered record. Several days before General Shafter's army sailed, a corporal and an enlisted man of this regiment were brought to jail in Key West by the city police charged with an assault with intent to kill. A few hours later, shortly after midnight, the jail was surrounded by about forty men of the Twenty-fifth, armed and in uniform. Here, as at Brownsville, they seem to have had no difficulty in getting hold of their rifles. They overpowered the sheriff, liberated their comrades and, after smashing up the jail, departed. From that day to this, the County of Monroe and the State of Florida have been unable to secure any satisfaction for this outrage. Apparently, their complaints have received no attention from the Federal authorities.

But, once in the enemy's country, the negro soldiers found themselves. Their record throughout the campaign is exceptional. Comparisons of this description are particularly odious; still, it certainly was the opinion of many competent officers that the services of the negro regiments, from the landing to the surrender, exceeded in value that of any other four regiments in

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the army. The orders given to the colored regiments brought them well to the front in the different divisions to which they were assigned, and their courage and soldierly efficiency kept them there. They may have been, they certainly were, favored by the fortune of war, but in the sequel they showed that they were worthy to receive such favors. The Twenty-fifth fought at El Caney under Lawton, and shared with the white men of the Twelfth Infantry the honor and the losses incident to capturing the old stone fort. This was the key to their position, and the Spaniards defended it with a stubborn valor that moved all observers to admiration. Indeed, the defence and capture of this fort have often been characterized as the most striking exploit of the campaign. At San Juan, on the left flank, the blacks of the Twenty-fourth were brigaded with the Ninth and Thirteenth, both white regiments. Under Colonel Liscum, until he fell severely wounded, and later under Major Markley, they went up San Juan Hill, and they share with the white men of the Sixth and the Sixteenth, the Ninth and the Thirteenth Infantry regiments in the honors of its capture. The men of the Ninth Cavalry, though they lost their colonel, the gallant Hamilton, early in the day, and the men of the Tenth Cavalry, though they lost early in the fighting twelve officers, a loss greater than that of any other organization, proved steady under most trying circumstances, and were not behind their white comrades in arms in the advance of the cavalry division under Sumner.

But the crowning service of the negro troops was performed outside of their military duties. On the evening of July 16th, shortly after the news of the surrender of the Spaniards, to take place the following morning, had been received, the Twenty-fourth Infantry were ordered to proceed to the rear, to leave the front in the moment of triumph, and march down to Siboney to do guard duty at the fever hospital. General Shafter made this selection because he hoped that the negroes would prove less susceptible than white men to the contagion of yellow fever and the other pernicious fevers that were creating such havoc in his small force. When the regiment reached the hospital, conditions there were found to be deplorable. Men were dying every hour for the lack of proper nursing. A conference took place between Major Markley commanding the regiment and Doctor LaGarde in charge of the hospital; then the men were drawn up in line

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and the doctor addressed them. He explained the urgent need of help; at the same time, he clearly set forth the danger to men, not immune, of nursing yellow-fever patients. Major Markley then said that, if any one wished to volunteer to nurse in the hospital, he could step forward. The whole regiment stepped forward. Sixty men were selected from these volunteers; and, within forty-eight hours, forty-two of these brave fellows were down with yellow or pernicious malarial fever. Again the dwindling regiment was drawn up in line, and Major Markley spoke to his men much as before. Again the whole regiment volunteered. When sent down from the trenches, the regiment consisted of eight companies averaging about forty men each. Of the officers and men on duty during the forty days in Siboney, only twenty-four escaped without serious illness. Of this handful not a few succumbed to fevers on the voyage home and at Montauk. Captain Charles Dodge and thirty-five privates died in the yellow-fever hospital in the performance of service purely optional.

In the Philippines, the services of the negro regiments have not attracted much favorable comment, though I believe that, under fire and in the open field, their behavior has been soldierly. In the early days of the occupation, it was a subject of congratulation among officers that the colored troops got quickly and into closer touch with the native populations than did their white brothers in arms. Many of the negroes learned Tagal and Visayan with surprising facility. Soon, however, these acquirements came to be regarded as anything but a subject for congratulation. While the white soldiers, unfortunately, got on badly with the natives, the black soldiers got on much too well. To the little brown brothers, and particularly to the little brown sisters, they became united by the tenderest of ties, until the time came, in 1901, when many observant officers expressed the opinion that the color line had been drawn again to our disadvantage, and that the negro soldiers were in closer sympathy with the aims of the native populations than they were with those of their white leaders and the policy of the United States.

The desertions from the negro regiments were large—much larger, I believe, than from the white organizations; and these desertions were invariably of a different character. The white man deserted because he was lazy and idle and found service life

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irksome. Sometimes he joined the insurgents; but he did so, evidently, because that was the only way in which he could attain his dream of becoming a wild man of the woods. But the negroes deserted in scores and for the purpose of joining the insurgents, and many of them, like the celebrated Fagan, became leaders and fought the white troops or their former comrades with zest and ability. Such acts as they are charged with committing are the acts of savages, and have only been laid to the door of white men when blinded by racial hatred or religious prejudice. Some stern critics of our *régime* in the Philippines say that the only one of our institutions that would survive our withdrawal for more than twelve months is the love of "plug" tobacco; but they have overlooked the color feeling and the race question which we have imported, and which grows luxuriantly where it never grew before. To-day the Chinese merchants of the Pasig quarter in Manila divorce their wives by the most summary procedure if their babies are not as blond as they think they should be.

In 1902, all the negro troops were sent away from the Philippines. They went practically together and, I believe, out of their regular turn. This step was generally applauded in the army, and many reasons for a somewhat unusual course were assigned. Nothing official was ever divulged, but Captain Steele, of the United States Army, writing in a recent number of this REVIEW, says that the colored troops were sent back to the United States upon the demand of the Civil Governor. Be this as it may, it is certain that the white population, military as well as civil, breathed a sigh of relief upon their departure.

In enumerating the disorderly outbreaks of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, it is only fair to say that the records of the other negro regiments in time of peace are little, if any, better; so that the history of this regiment may be taken as typical of them all. In 1885, they shot up the town of Sturgis in Dakota, killing several men. They marched as an organized body and responded to the usual commands. In Winnemucca, Nevada, a train-load of the men of the Twenty-fifth, on their way to the Philippines in 1899, halted for supper. They took possession of the saloons, shot a barkeeper and in every way terrorized the town. All efforts to identify the perpetrators of the outrage failed, the negroes maintaining their characteristic conspiracy of silence. Four months

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later, at the San Carlos agency in Arizona, men of the Twenty-fifth made repeated murderous assaults upon peaceful Indians. General Merriam, who commanded the Department, asked that the negroes be replaced by white men. This was done, and the offending organization was sent on to El Paso, Texas. Here, a few weeks later, they took the rifles from the racks, went to the city jail where two soldiers were held for trial by the city authorities, and fired into the jail, killing a policeman on duty there. Later in the night, they returned to the jail with guns and axes, and made another attempt to release their comrades. Eight army rifles, it developed, had been taken from the gun-racks, and this was the clue that led to the discovery and punishment of some of the marauders. At about the same time, men of the same organization were guilty of an atrocity at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, which was later characterized by the chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee of the district as "wanton and cold-blooded murder."

In the instances enumerated, and in a score of others with which the records of the War Department are stained—going back to the mutiny of troop E of the Ninth Cavalry in 1867, when the troopers, under the lead of their first sergeant, murdered one white officer and seriously wounded two others—the behavior of the accused has been invariably the same, and has been marked by open hostility to all investigation, perfect indifference to the good name of their regiment, contempt for their enlistment oath, entire sympathy with men of their own color, whatever their acts may have been, and a sullen antagonism to their white officers in the performance of their duties.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY PHILIP LORING ALLEN AND JAMES HUNEKER.

NORMAN DUNCAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

THE paradox of Norman Duncan as a writer is that his fondness for situations, characters and incidents odd and whimsical to the verge of grotesqueness, should be supported by an imagination so fine, so tender and so poetic. If he could be imagined as executing some mad contract to take the subject-matter of a novel bodily from the comic weeklies, there would still be nobility and dignity in the book as it came from his pen. On the other hand, the most sodden or lugubrious theme could similarly be lightened by his true and human touch.

Nothing that Mr. Duncan has written illustrates better this characteristic blending of qualities than his latest book, "The Cruise of the 'Shining Light.'" Humor it has, and pathos, but not in the conventional "flashes" or "touches." Both are pervasive, which is perhaps only another way of saying that, for all its fantasies, the book delineates real life. It is hard to speak critically of this story without pointing a parallel to Dickens. But to be fair the comparison must begin and end with the material in the novelist's hands. We can imagine that master story-teller seizing with delight almost every element of this story and then abandoning himself to it in such a way as to make a totally different book, probably lacking, after all, that blending and background which give Mr. Duncan's work so much of its charm. One might quote of it Aldrich's quatrain:

> "Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
> And shows you laughing cheeks and roguish eyes;
> But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
> How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy tears."

* "The Cruise of the 'Shining Light.'" By Norman Duncan. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

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And that these dainty lines should apply so aptly to one who writes of the toil and struggle of uncouth men in a wild northern land is a second anomaly.

We have here the story of Skipper Nicholas Top, of Twist Tickle, a misshapen, scarred old mariner who, in fulfilling a promise made to a dying shipmate, the lad's father, is bringing up young Dannie Callaway by the letter of Chesterfield's maxims, and his own creed of "standin'" by. "He've wonderful good ideas on the subjeck o' manners," says the Skipper of Chesterfield, "an' a raft of un, too; but the ideas he've got on souls, Dannie, is poor an' sort o' damned scarce." How the means were provided for the rearing of the elegant and bejewelled young gentleman is the "wretched puzzle" which runs through the story. Mr. Duncan left his readers no clue to the mystery of "Dr. Luke of the 'Labrador.'" The reader is glad, however, that Dannie, who is made the narrator in this book, insists on a full understanding of his circumstances before offering himself to Judith, the little maid with whom he had played on the deck of the "Shining Light."

Some episodes, by the way, are practically separate stories. Such are the accounts of the death-bed conversion of Judith's erring mother, and the quest for a wife of the fool of Twist Tickle. The former is a grim sketch of a type of Newfoundland parson, inflexible with others and himself a martyr to duty, who orders child and friend from the room in order to force the dying woman to "repent" with her last breath. The fool's wooing is a bit of tragi-comedy which invites the comment of the Virginian on the career of the "Emily Hen"—"It ain't so damn funny, after all."

We have Mr. Duncan's word for it that Nicholas Top, first conceived as a minor character, forced himself, so to speak, against his creator's will, into the chief place. Yet the treatment of that lovable troglodyte remains a capital illustration of the author's scrupulous restraint, and in this case his restraint is in another sense an expression of sympathy. He will not let us laugh at the old man, no matter what preposterous or wrong-headed thing he may be doing. Dannie, as he appears here in the first person, tells his story like one who is willing to explain all, and knows that some of it is amusing, but would resent on the instant any sneer at his benefactor. The obligation of respect is impressed

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upon the reader, just as it was upon the London tutor brought to Newfoundland to teach the boy:

"My uncle stumped on ahead, his wooden leg as blithe as the sound one, and was waiting in his humble quarters, with gnomelike leer of expectation, when we entered. Neither my watch, set with its shy jewels, nor my sparkling fingers, nor the cut and quality and fit of my London-made clothes, which came close to perfection, nor anything concerning me, had caused my tutor even so much as to lift an eyebrow of surprise; but the appearance of the table, laid in the usual way, gave him an indubitable fit of amazement; for, as was our custom on the neck of land by the Lost Soul, at the one end, where sat the luxurious Dannie Callaway, by no will of his own, was the glitter of silver, the flash and glow of delicate china, a flower or more from our garden, exquisite napery, the bounties of the kindly earth, whatever the cost; but at the other (the napery abruptly ceasing at the centre of the table because of the wear and tear that might chance) was set out, upon coarse ware, even to tin, fare of common description, forecastle fare, fisherman fare, unrelieved by any grace of flower or linen or glitter of glass, by any grace at all, save the grace of a black bottle, which, according to my experience, was sufficient to my uncle and such rough folk as dined with him. 'Twas no cause for surprise to me, to whom the enigma had been familiar from the beginning; but my tutor, come suddenly against the puzzle, was nonplussed, small blame to him.

"'Parson,' says my uncle, '*you*—goes steerage!'

"My tutor started, regarded my uncle with a little jerk of astonishment; and his eyebrows went high—but still conveyed no more than polite inquiry. 'I beg your pardon?' he apologized.

"'Steerage, parson!' my uncle repeated. 'Steerage passage, sir, the night!'

"'Really!'

"''Tis the same as sayin',' I made haste to explain, 'that you dines along o' Uncle Nick at *his* end.'"

"'Sit ye!' says my uncle, 'an' fall to!' his face all broke into smiles. 'Fall to, parson, an' spare nothin'. Better the salt-junk o' toil,' he improvised, in bold imitation of the Scripture, to my tutor's further astonishment, 'than the ice-cream o' crime.'"

It would be just as improper to laugh in the face of little Judith when she pictured her maker as:

"A rotund, florid old gentleman, with the briefest, most wiry of sandy whiskers upon his chops, a jolly double chin, a sunburned nose, kindly blue eyes forever opened in mild wonder (and a bit bleared by the wind), the fat figure clad in broadly checked tweed knickerbockers and a rakish cap to match, like the mad tourists who sometimes strayed our way."

"I come down from heaven one year an' five months after God sent you," said Judith after she had called Dannie a fool and he

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had quoted Scripture; "an' God *told* me, Dannie, before I left Un at the Gate, that He'd changed his mind about that." There is chivalry mingled with the amusement of the lad who tells it. Clearly drawn as are the other characters, they are not more alive than this same Dannie. If he was a product of Nicholas Top's upbringing, that would alone go far to the old skipper's redemption.

There is no "cruise" in the book save a very brief one in pursuit of Judith, and this does not furnish a tenth part of the tale. So it is not properly a sea-story, but one about seafaring people. Mr. Duncan has been the interpreter of Newfoundland to American readers. For this function he has never depended on photographic description, but rather on a peculiar gift for conveying spirit and atmosphere. He has here attempted what is essentially a new task for him in portraying the sea. He has few equals to-day in expressing its terror, its grim and savage moods. His best piece of short fiction, "A Beat to Harbor," which tells the story of a captain afraid of the sea and reckless for the very reason that he had so accurately measured his enemy's strength against his own, is a study that perhaps no other living writer could have compassed. But here he must write as a joyous lover of the ocean:

"Born as I am—a Newfoundlander to the marrow of my body and the innermost parts of my soul—my heart puts to sea, unfailingly, whatever the ease and security of my place, when the wind blows high in the night and the great sea rages. 'Tis a fine heritage we have, we outport Newfoundlanders—this feeling for the toss and tumult and dripping cold of the sea: this sympathy born of self-same experience. I'd not exchange it, with the riches of cities to boot, for the thin-lipped, gray, cold-eyed astuteness, the pomp and splendid masks of the marts and avenues I have seen in my time."

It cannot be said that Mr. Duncan interprets this mood so successfully as those more sombre. Stout hearts and brave spirits he knows, but the promised note of exultation is hardly audible in what is written here of the perils of the sea. Possibly the cry of,

"... give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high,"

was never heard on the real "world of waters." But the cruise with Norman Duncan as skipper is invigorating, and it ends in a sunny haven.

PHILIP LORING ALLEN.

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MAX STIRNER.*

WHAT shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his own Ego? That is practically the question put by Max Stirner in his once celebrated, forgotten and now resuscitated book, "The Ego and his Own" (*"Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum"*). Some one has called man a metaphysical animal; he is either a Platonian or an Aristotelian. Nowadays you are either a Socialist or an Individualist. You may not care a straw for either party, yet fate, your temperament and social position, settles the matter without asking, by your leave. Under which King? Dr. Butler has spoken of an intellectual aristocracy and service—which is only Nietzscheism attenuated by slumming; Nietzsche would have naught to do with such merciful condescension. For him it was like Brand—All or Nothing. In the Stirner case we descend into a lower Dantean circle. The Ego is the frame of the human picture in this airless, sublimated atmosphere. Yet once breathed, even Nietzsche's mountain top seems thin, rarefied and bloodless by comparison. Never has the hymn to Self to the Will been sung in such firm, cool tones; never logic more infernal—or celestial. (Under which King?) A homely motto for Stirner might be Walt Whitman's, "I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones."

Who is Max Stirner? We knew nothing of him until John Henry Mackay, the Scottish-German revolutionary poet, dug up his buried book and with it, after incalculable pains, a few isolated facts. Stirner was a nickname because of his high forehead; Johann Caspar Schmidt was his real name. He was born in Bayreuth, 1806, and died in Berlin, 1856. He had a university education, though he did not distinguish himself, by taking a doctor degree. He taught in a fashionable girls' school, contracted an unhappy marriage, died in poverty and obscurity. He met for a decade or so many radical thinkers at a certain circle in Berlin, yet he was more influenced by the Hegelian philosophy than by the revolutionary spirit of 1848. He loathed politics. He feared and hated socialism. He was a solitary by nature. Temperament tells in a philosopher as well as a poet. A hesitating, timid man, a sufferer doubtless from *aboulia,* as was

* "The Ego and his Own." By Max Stirner. Translated from the German by Steven T. Byington, with an introduction by Dr. James Walker. New York: Benjamin R. Tucker.

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Amiel, Stirner in his book (1845) enjoyed a psychic victory over his weakness of volition. It was the one vigorous affirmation of his will to live.

For those who love to think of the visible universe as a cozy corner of God's footstool, there is something bleak and terrifying in the isolated position of man since science postulated him as an unimportant bubble on an unimportant planet. The soul shrinks as our conception of outer space widens. Thomas Hardy describes the sensation as "ghastly." There is said to be no purpose, no design in all the gleaming phantasmagoria revealed by the astronomer's glass; while on our globe we are a brother to lizards, bacteria furnish our motor force, and our brain is but a subtly fashioned mirror, composed of neuronic filaments, a sort of "dark room" in which is pictured the life without. Well, we admit, for the sake of the argument, that we banish God from the firmament, substituting a superior mechanism; we admit our descent from plasma and ascidian worms, we know that we have no free will, because man, like the unicellular organisms, "gives to every stimulus without an inevitable response." That, of course, settles all moral obligations. But we had hoped, we of the old sentimental brigade, that all things being thus adjusted we could live with our fellow man in (comparative) peace, cheating him only in a legitimate business way, and loving our neighbor better than ourselves (in public). Ibsen had jostled our self-satisfaction sadly, but some obliging critic had discovered his formula —a pessimistic decadent—and with consoling verbal bones we worried the old white-haired mastiff of Norway. Only a decadent! It is an easy word to speak in the mouth of the mediocre, and it means nothing. With Nietzsche the case was simpler. We couldn't read him because he was a madman; but he, at least, was an aristocrat who held the bourgeois in contempt, and he also held a brief for culture. Ah! when we are young we are idealists, altruists; as Thackeray says, "Youths go to balls; men go to dinners."

But along comes this dreadful Stirner, who cries out: Hypocrites all of you. You are not altruists, but selfish persons, who, self-illuded, believe yourselves to be disinterested. Be Egoists! Confess the truth in the secrecy of your mean, little souls. We are all Egotists. Be Egoists. There is no truth but my truth. No world but my world. I am I. And then Stirner waves

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away God, state, society, the family, morals, mankind, leaving only the "hateful" ego. The cosmos is frosty and inhuman, and old Mother Earth no longer offers us her bosom as a reclining-place. Stirner has so decreed it. We are suspended between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, hermetically sealed in Self. Instead of "smiting the chord of self," we must reorchestrate the chord that it may give out richer music.

Nevertheless, there is a magnificent honesty in the words of Max Stirner, that proclaims him to be no vendor of prophylactics. We are weary of the crying in the market-place, "Lo! Christ is risen," only to find an old nostrum tricked out in socialistic phrases; and fine phrases make fine feathers for these gentlemen who offer the millennium in one hand and perfect peace in the other. Stirner is the frankest thinker of his century. He does not soften his propositions, harsh ones for most of us, with promises, but pursues his thought with ferocious logic to its covert. There is no such hybrid with him like "Christian Socialism," no dodging issues. He is a Teutonic Childe Roland who to the dark tower comes, but instead of blowing his horn—as Nietzsche did—he blows up the tower itself. Such an iconoclast has never before put pen to paper. He is so sincere in his scorn of all we hold dear that he is refreshing. Nietzsche's flashing epigrammatic blade often snaps after it is fleshed; the grim old Stirner, after he makes a jab at his opponent, twists the steel in the wound. Having no mercy for himself, he has no mercy for others. He is never a hypocrite. He erects no altars to known or unknown gods. Humanity, he says, has become the Moloch to-day to which everything is sacrificed. Humanity—that is, the State, perhaps, even the Socialistic state (the most awful yoke of all for the individual soul). This assumed love of humanity, this sacrifice of our own personality, are the blights of modern life. The Ego has too long been suppressed by ideas, sacred ideas of religion, state, family, law, morals. The conceptual question, "What is Man?" must be changed to "Who is Man?" I am the owner of my might, and I am so when I know myself as *unique*. What then is my property? Nothing but what is my power. I empower myself. Man is free. *Things*—property—are not. Therefore the State is my enemy, it does not allow me to compete. The poor are to blame for the rich. We should all be the rich. All is for all. I am an owner of property, but property is not sacred. My power is my

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property; my power give me property; I am myself my own power, and therefore my own property.

Stirner is not a communist — so long confounded with anarchs—he does not believe in force. That element came into the world with the advent of Bakounine and Russian nihilism. Stirner would replace society by groups; property would be held, money would be a circulating medium; the present compulsory system would be voluntary instead of involuntary. Unlike his great contemporary, Joseph Proudhon, Stirner is not a constructive philosopher. Indeed, he is no philosopher. A moralist (or immoralist), an *Ethiker,* his book is a defence of Egoism, of the submerged rights of the ego, and in these piping times of peace and fraternal humbug, when every nation, every man embraces his neighbor preparatory to disembowelling him in commerce or war, Max Stirner's words are like a trumpet-blast. And many Jericho-built walls go down before these ringing tones. His doctrine is the Fourth Dimension of ethics. That his book will be more dangerous than a million bombs, if misapprehended, is no reason why it should not be read. Its author can no more be held responsible for its misreading than the orthodox faiths for their backsliders. Nietzsche has been wofully misunderstood; Nietzsche, the despiser of mob rule, has been acclaimed a very Attila—instead of which he is a culture-philosopher, one who insists that reform must be first spiritual. Individualism for him means only an end to culture. Stirner is not a metaphysician; he is too much realist. He is a Hegelian *à rebours,* a political pyrrhonist. His Ego is his Categorical Imperative. And if the Individual loses his value, what is his *raison d'être* for existence? Make your value felt, cries Stirner. The minority may occasionally err, but the majority is always in the wrong. Egoism must not be misinterpreted as petty selfishness or as an excuse to do wrong. Life will be ennobled and sweeter if we respect ourselves. "There is no sinner and no sinful egoism. . . . Do not call men sinful; and *they are not.*" Freedom is not a goal. "Free—from what? Oh! what is there that cannot be shaken off? The yoke of serfdom, of sovereignty, of aristocracy and princes, the dominion of the desires and passions; yes, even the dominion of one's own will, of self-will, for the completest self-denial is nothing but freedom — freedom, to wit, from self-determination, from one's own

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self." This has an ascetic tang, and indicates that to compass our complete ego the road travelled will be as thorny as any saint's of old. Where does Woman come into this scheme? There is no Woman, only a human Ego. Humanity is a convenient fiction to harry the individualist. So society, family are the clamps that compress the soul of woman. If woman is to be free she must first be an individual, an ego. In America, to talk of female suffrage is to propound the paradox of the masters attacking their slaves; yet female suffrage might prove a good thing—it might demonstrate the *reductio ad absurdum* of the administration of the present ballot system.

A theory needs practical application, just as no religion, worth the name, can exist without dogma (or man without a skeleton). In America, Democracy is on the defensive—it must prove that it is not a failure, that it is not a Boojum that is a Snark; not a Republic that is an Oligarchy. The temper of the people, from Washington to Wall Street, from the Golden Gate to the Bowery, is not for "meddling" reforms, despite the hullabaloo in the press; it rather leans to the methods that will give them something for nothing (power and plunder). All this parade of politics is only the modern substitute for the *panem et circenses* of the old Romans—who, however, were fairer, franker, giving the multitude food and distraction. But for us it is a Barmecide's feast, on paper. In the newspapers we read with tremendous interest about the doings of President this or President that, of the movements and words of Senators and Representatives, as if all this glory and show were aught but a scheme to keep interested—therefore in a not dangerous condition—the people. And these mystifications, intrigues, pot-house politics and high-jinks of the powers that be, do not better economic conditions—for it makes no difference really to the working-man whether Roosevelt or the Mikado is President. Each man is in politics for what it brings *him*. Government by representation only represents the interests of the party or the man who happens to be in the political saddle. The devil take the hindmost! The people go hang! Thus the Stirnerites. Our wail over our neighbor's soul is simply the wail of a busybody. Mind your own business! is the pregnant device of the new Egoism. Puritanism is not morality, but a psychic disorder. Despite the "sweetness and light" diffused by the late Matthew Arnold in England and America, he did not kill, only "scotched"

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puritanism and philistinism. That it rears its flat, ugly head whenever it dares was demonstrated by the public hysteria over Bernard Shaw, Gorky and the music of Richard Strauss. And then the sweet beast fell upon the choice banquet provided by a notorious murder trial! Of such are your gods, O Philistia! Banish art, banish beauty, but erect an altar, a paper altar, to vulgarity, crime and stupidity. We may have no sense of the eternal verities, but we do possess a pretty and depraved taste in the matter of freak religions.

Stirner, in his way, teaches that the Kingdom of God is within you. That man will ever be sufficiently perfected to become his own master is a dreamer's dream. Yet let us dream it. At least by that road we make for righteousness. But let us drop all cant about brotherly love and self-sacrifice. Let us love ourselves (respect our ego), that we may learn to respect our brother; self-sacrifice means doing something that we believe to be good for our souls, therefore egotism—the higher egotism, withal egotism. As for going to the people—the Russian phrase—let the people forget themselves as a collective body, tribe or group, and each man and woman develop his or her ego. In Russia "going to the people" was sincere — in America it is a trick to catch, not souls, but votes. Our brilliant editorial intellects go down into the mud to spear miserable tadpoles, and after years the mud is as thick, as black as before, the tadpoles more numerous. If sentimental millionaire Socialists could but hear what they are called by the East-Siders—who, by the way, are doing most of the thinking in this city—they might abandon their self-imposed and charmingly advertised charities.

"The time is not far distant when it will be impossible for any proud, free, independent spirit to call himself a Socialist, since he would be classed with those wretched toadies and worshippers of success, who even now lie on their knees before every working-man and lick his hands simply because he is a working-man." Trade-unionism is become more menacing than the trusts.

John Henry Mackay spoke those truthful words in a striking book of his. Did not Campanella, in an unforgettable sonnet, sing, "The people is a beast of muddy brain that knows not its own strength. . . . With its own hands it ties and gags itself"? Max Stirner may shock, may amuse you. But he is bound to set you thinking.

JAMES HUNEKER.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

PARIS: WASHINGTON.

PARIS, *1907.*

NOTHING can be more true than that France has only the appearance of a democracy and is in reality much more of a monarchy than, for instance, England or Belgium. It has often been pointed out that the Chamber enjoys the power of an absolute monarch, and that its so-called counterweights, the President and the Senate, possess practically little more than nominal prerogatives. What the Chamber decides upon is always ratified by the Senate, and the President submissively puts his name to it. He is only the Executive, as the unfortunate Louis XVI was contemptuously called by the Assembly, and has no other method of having a Parliamentary Act suspended and revised than a dissolution and a general election. There is so much risk in the process that it was resorted to only once in the thirty-six years of our republican history, and President MacMahon, who made the experiment, had no opportunity of exercising his constitutional rights a second time. The Chamber not only resisted but simply ousted him, and his successors never forgot the lesson. Every now and then the Senate makes a faint show of asserting its superiority over the Lower Assembly, but it always yields in the end. In fact, the French Chamber, like the King of England, can do no wrong, and its pleasure is law.

This is a classical example of the survival of the substance when the mere appearance has been removed. There are many more which the half-dozen very intelligent men in the Socialist party turn to good account against the passivity of the sheep in wolves' skins who call themselves Radicals, and on which the good-humored satire or the cutting sarcasm of M. Clémenceau freely exercises itself.

A volume could easily be filled with instances of the mon-

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archist anachronisms prevalent in France. As to the plans for reforms, they are numberless, but few of them appear to have passed the border of Utopia. Only two or three seem likely to be carried into execution.

One of the most important and the most probable is a thorough reorganization of the Army. The French Army was, only a short time ago, and is still, in many of its features, hardly different from its Imperial prototype. There is the same superabundance of Military Committees, elbowing and hampering and often envying one another, and the same red-tapeism, forcing on a General the routine of a clerk. The Minister of War is, just as he was forty years ago, overwhelmed with trivialities on which an Under Secretary could decide, and his time is taken up with applications from people who are not in the Army or are supernumeraries. In countless cases one can see the organ surviving its function. We keep up twelve most expensive regiments of *Cuirassiers*, while the rest of the world has transformed its heavy cavalry. The five regiments of *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are the only cavalry regiments whose effective force is real and not fictitious, and who are ever ready to chase long-extinct Arab tribes. The military servants, indispensable in time of war, are not only retained, but multiplied to such an extent that they could form at the present day a powerful army of seventy thousand coachmen, grooms, cooks and dry-nurses.

The spirit of the Army is no longer what it used to be when there was such a thing as a military trade, and yet it is also widely different from that prevailing in a truly democratic militia like that of Switzerland. For a great many of the officers, the Army means the smooth existence so dear to the French functionary, away from political troubles, and the advantages appertaining to a caste without much of the invidiousness inseparable from castes. The officers who look upon their calling as an educative mission are, and must be, in the present state of opinion, comparatively few. The consequence is that they see as little as they can of their men, and, even when they are naturally kind and well-meaning, leave them almost entirely to the non-commissioned officers. To the sergeants and corporals is to be traced most of the discontented spirit which undeniably exists in the Army. These inferior grades were given in the old armies to veterans whose age and long service gave them immense influence with the

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younger soldiers. In the present system they belong to men who have only seen a year or eighteen months' service, and are looking forward to the end of their two or three years as anxiously as the recruits they command. The result is that they mistake bullying for authority, as is only too natural in men of no experience.

Add to this that the Internationalist and Anti-militarist wave is every year growing stronger and has found its way into the regiments. One-third of the recruits are working-men from manufacturing cities, who have heard it repeated like the burden of a song that patriotism is as great a fallacy as religion and only a lullaby to send popular discontent to sleep, that war is fratricide, military expenses criminal waste which deprives the poor of their own, that officers are drones like priests and magistrates, and that the business of the Army is mostly to help manufacturers in crushing strikes, no matter how just. Soldiers with such ideas are evidently dangerous soldiers, and their presence can only be a powerful element of disorganization.

To sum up, the French Army is superannuated in its organization, its officers have not yet become conscious that the men under them are French citizens whom they are bound to educate, and a large proportion of the soldiers have, on the contrary, learned all too readily the demoralizing lesson taught by the Socialist and Internationalist papers.

Military reform, therefore, ought to be thorough and radical, and its champions mean it to be so. A great deal has already been done by individual officers, fond of their trade and endowed with more insight than the mass of their brethren. A lecture recently delivered at the Sorbonne by a prominent officer leaves no doubt that private initiative forestalls the official adoption of theories. However, in this, as in almost everything else, the lead is taken by Socialists. The first attempts at reform were made by General André, who unfortunately suffered the distinguished soldier in him to be obscured by the paltry politician. Then came M. Berteaux, also a Socialist, and M. Etienne, both of whom had enough to do to restore something like a feeling of security to the officers, ruffled as they had been by their predecessor. Meanwhile, M. Jaurès, after long indulging in doctrines unpleasantly savoring of Internationalism, was brought—especially through the Moroccan pinch—to take a more patriotic view of the possibilities of

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war, and to advocate the substitution of what he calls "the armed nation" for the Army as we had known it. The progress of these ideas was so rapid that the report on the War Budget of next year has been entrusted to the Socialist, Messimy—till recently a captain in the Army—and this report, a volume of three hundred pages, does not contain merely the customary tables, accompanied by the usual commentary, but is, in fact, a wide and elaborate plan for a deep reform and a complete remodelling of the Army. This document will naturally be the basis of the debates during the next session, and, as a summary of modern military views, is not likely to be soon superseded.

One great feature strikes the reader at every page, viz., the considerable change worked in Socialist opinion by the imminence last year of a war with Germany. I remember seeing a few years ago a violently anti-militarist placard bearing the name of this same Captain Messimy. At present the Socialists, instead of preaching revolt to the young soldiers, seem bent on making the most of the existence of armies and turning them into democratic centres of education.

M. Messimy thinks that a little attention to neglected details might save a great deal of money, but he fully recognizes the necessity of not stinting military expenditure. The Manchurian War has demonstrated the predominance of artillery in modern battles, and the indispensability of immense stores of artillery ammunition. M. Messimy holds that France ought not to run the risk of finding herself, as she did last year, in danger of seeing her arsenals and magazines empty a few days after the declaration of war. He trusts that the next Hague Conference will propose a limitation of armaments; but, in the mean time, the Budget he offers to the Chamber exceeds that of last year by more than ten million dollars, and he thinks it an impossibility to prepare lighter Budgets for at least five or six years. This is very frank and outspoken, and we are far from the involved and reticent phrases in which M. Jaurès tried to express, or, I should say, to veil, his opinion on war when the Moroccan difficulty made it imperative to have one.

But, if the Socialists are frank as to the principle, they are also very trenchant in its applications. On the very first page of his report, Captain Messimy states in broad italics that "the Army teems with lifeless organisms, whose sole utility is to provide em-

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ployment for useless people"; and he adds that "a complete remodelling of our military laws is necessary if we want to economize men and money."

Another axiom which he prefixes to his chapters on the "inevitable evolution" sounds no less positive. "We have twice as many Generals as we need, and those Generals are ten years too old," whereupon he shows by indisputable figures that the French staff is larger than the German by quite a third, and that the tardiness of its effective work is due, above all, to the multiplicity of committees. He proposes a sharp distinction between real military studies and mere office work, and advocates the total suppression of aides-de-camp and *officiers d'ordonnance*. He also suggests the suppression of corporals, who at present have next to no authority, while their pay could materially improve the situation of the sergeants and induce a large proportion of them to stay in the Army. Finally, he proposes conversions of more importance, on so large a scale that they have immediately elicited a great deal of excited comment from military writers. The most striking of these would be the wholesale transformation of two hundred squadrons into three hundred batteries, in conformity with the conclusions derived from the experience of the Manchurian War. These root-and-branch alterations of our military organizations shock the Generals of the old school, but they have been taken into consideration by such critics as General Langlois and General de Nègrier, and appear bound to be sooner or later carried into effect.

These purely technical considerations are only one side of the question. The Army is not only to be remodelled in its organization, but transformed in its spirit. The French soldier of to-morrow is no longer to be a soldier first and a Frenchman afterwards, but the reverse. There is certainly a great deal of the old feudal ideal left in the Army—if not in the common soldiers, who are every day losing what little remained of the military spirit, at least in the officers. The latter, especially those with a title, had for centuries so strong a feeling that the military career alone was suited to a gentleman that they felt a degree of more or less avowed contempt for what Mrs. O'Dowd, in "Vanity Fair," called the "beggarly civilian," for what our military songs still call the "*pékin*." The perfect and accomplished pattern of the *pékin* was the political lawyer, the conceited and dangerous bab-

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bler whom the first Napoleon threw, shrieking for mercy, out of the windows, and whom the second Napoleon sent to Cayenne by the score. The politician in his turn was always jealous of the self-contained power of the Army and of its taste for strong men, dictators and *coups d'état*. The Convention was the most warlike of assemblies, but its Generals were constantly under the watchful eye of two stern civilians. The two conflicting tendencies, after a period of apparent slumber, reappeared in their intensity during the six or seven years filled by the Dreyfus affair, and it is to that tragic struggle between the two halves of France that is due the rapid maturing of the ideas of M. Messimy and his friends.

Henceforward there is no longer to be an Army of France, which might all too readily become an Army in France, but a France in arms. "The Frenchman is born a soldier, and never ceases to be one." It is strange that this should be the formula to which a few years have brought the fierce anti-militarists of the Dreyfusard camp, but it is no less an immense gain. The conclusions derived from this principle are very clear, and their applications most logical. In the first place, the Army ought not to be independent, as it used practically to be. Only the other day, M. Chéron, the new and, in many respects, admirable Under Secretary at the War Office, cried out impatiently in the Chamber that civic supremacy ought to be an intangible dogma. General Picquart, who, to universal surprise, is the quietest of Ministers of War, concurs in this opinion and works out its consequences in an effective way. The chief effort tends, for the present, to the suppression of the absurd hostility between the various services at the War Office, and especially between the Army and Navy, and to the simultaneous action of all the Ministers more immediately concerned in the national defence. The creation by M. Clémenceau of the High Council for National Defence, comprising the Ministers of War, of the Navy, of the Colonies and of Finance, under the presidency of the President of the Republic himself, was a great step made towards this object, and ought, according to M. Messimy, to lead eventually to the creation of a Ministry of National Defence uniting the War Office and the Ministry of Marine.

The following consequences from the principle formulated above are plain and natural.

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No Frenchman ought to evade the obligation of military service. Hence the privilege accorded to the clergy, professors and men in liberal professions to serve only one year disappears under the law coming into force in October next, and every French citizen owes his two years without any relaxation. The same equality prevails throughout the duration of the service. It has already been arranged that the young officers coming from St.-Cyr shall have to serve a year in the regiments before having a full right to their grade; but M. Messimy advocates even the total suppression of the military schools (St.-Cyr, Polytechnique, Versailles, Fontainebleau, St.-Maixent), and the substitution for them of a School of War, to which all officers—rising uniformly from the ranks—would be called in due season. The *Ecoles d'enfants de troupe* would also be suppressed, the elementary teachers assuming the part of first military instructors, while the officers should not shrink from the duties of humble schoolmasters and ought to carry on the physical, moral and even professional instruction of their recruits.

The courts martial, too, are an evident anomaly in a militarily organized nation, and the outrages committed by soldiers can be looked into and punished by the civil courts as well as by military judges.

Lastly, there should not be the difference that has existed so far between the active officers and those in the reserve, and the latter ought not to be given up to themselves, as they are at present, but should be called at regular intervals to the School of War so as to be capable of effective command.

These, briefly, are the chief reforms set forth in M. Messimy's report. Much in them seems reasonable, and on the way to realization, and the whole system is fascinating. A nation of soldiers with no soldiers' vices would undoubtedly be a noble body. But there is also a great deal that strikes one as too simple, too much the outcome of French logicalness, of that passion for rigid consistency, which is at the bottom of French parliamentary history. For instance, the bodily removal of our military schools, exclusively in view of an impossible equality, is not a republican idea, but a fad. The traditionalism rampant in the upper military circles will certainly oppose such wholesale reforms, and M. Messimy's plan will lose some of its completeness, but the Captain may live long enough to be thankful for the opposition.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., *May, 1907.*

ALTHOUGH the National Conventions are still a year distant, the manœuvring for position on the part of Republican candidates for the Presidency has already begun. It seems to be settled that Secretary Taft, whom President Roosevelt is believed to prefer for his successor, will have the unanimous support of the Ohio delegation, but to what extent the movement in his favor will be pressed in other States is as yet uncertain. If the Republican delegations from the Southern States could be controlled by Federal officials, they could doubtless be trusted to conform to Mr. Roosevelt's wishes, but the partisans of Vice-President Fairbanks were first upon the ground, and are said to have effected strong combinations in some of the commonwealths south of the Ohio and Potomac. That the Vice-President will have the Indiana delegation is taken for granted; but as yet no other Northern State can be looked upon as committed to his candidacy. During the last few weeks, Governor Hughes has made long strides toward the attainment of moral and political ascendency in New York; and, should his hold upon the confidence of his fellow citizens remain unshaken a year hence, it may prove impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to secure the delegation of that State for Secretary Taft. In Pennsylvania, the Republican leaders have decided to make Senator Knox their candidate, and it is averred that he would be the President's second choice. That, in equity, Pennsylvania has a claim to the nomination is undisputed. Although, among the States of the Union, she has long been surpassed by New York alone in population and wealth, she has never had but one President and but one Vice-President, whereas no fewer than five natives of the neighboring commonwealth, Ohio, have become Chief Magistrates. The discrimination cannot be justified on the plea that Ohio, unlike Pennsylvania, is a doubtful State; for Ohio, since 1856, has always given her electoral votes to the Republican nominee for the Presidency. As things look now, Taft, Hughes, Knox and Fairbanks are the most promising candidates for the Republican nomination next year, though not one of them would have a chance of being selected if Mr. Roosevelt could be persuaded to become his party's nominee. Most well-informed persons, however, dismiss that contingency as entirely out of the question. So far, on the other hand, as the Democratic National Convention is concerned, Mr. Bryan alone

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figures in the foreground. Almost all onlookers assume that he will be the Democratic standard-bearer, although his advocacy of Federal ownership of Interstate railways threatened at one time to cost him the good-will of the Southern States. Colonel Henry Watterson of the Louisville "Courier-Journal" asserts that he could name an eminent Democrat who voted for Bryan in 1896, but who would at the same time be acceptable to Gold Democrats, and who, therefore, would be qualified to reunite the Democratic party. He adds that the man he has in mind does not live east of the Alleghanies, or south of the Potomac or Ohio. The only Democrat who at first sight seems to satisfy these conditions is Colonel Watterson himself.

The new tariff agreement between Germany and the United States, which has been ratified by the Reichstag, is a decided improvement on the *modus vivendi* which it will supersede, because, instead of expiring by limitation in a twelvemonth, it will continue in force for an indefinite period, unless denounced by one of the signatories. Under the new compact, our exports to Germany are to pay the minimum duties, while our responsive concessions are not legislative, but merely administrative, relating, as they do, to the work of special and secret agents, the policy of affording open, instead of secret, hearings in reappraisement cases, and the recognition of certificates issued by German Chambers of Commerce. The same concessions will, of course, be enjoyed by Great Britain under the "most favored nation" rule. There is no doubt that in this transaction Germany gives much more than she gets, but Emperor William seems determined to eliminate all causes of friction between his country and the United States. His motive is obvious, in view of the species of isolation to which Germany has been, or soon will be, reduced by the Anglo-French *entente,* the Franco-Russian League, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty and the agreements now in course of negotiation with Japan by both Russia and France. There is no doubt that the persistent efforts of the German sovereign to win the regard and confidence of the American people have had a large measure of success. We still look upon Great Britain as our best friend, owing largely to the attitude which she maintained during our war with Spain; but there is far more sympathy with Germany on this side of the Atlantic than existed ten years ago.

The United States Minister in Santo Domingo City seems to

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have experienced much difficulty in securing the sanction of the Dominican Congress for the treaty negotiated by our State Department, and finally ratified, it will be recalled, by our Senate, though only after a prolonged delay and some amendments. That treaty, as we have pointed out, represents an attempt to avert the forcible collection of debts by strong European Powers from weak American republics. Secretary Hay assented to the blockade of Venezuelan seaports by British, German and Italian warships in 1902, but the resultant sequestration of a large fraction of Venezuela's customs revenue for the benefit of foreign creditors convinced our Government that the Monroe Doctrine might be violated in the spirit, if not also in the letter, even where no attempt at permanent occupation of territory should be made. For, if a fraction of the customs revenue of a debtor State may be confiscated for an indefinite period, so, logically, might the whole, in which event the debtor State would be deprived of the income on which it mainly relies for the defrayal of the cost of internal administration. It will hardly be pretended that such wholesale confiscation might not affect seriously a debtor's destiny. The Dominican Republic has been shielded against such a loss of resources by the agreement to which its Congress has at last given assent, and which is now being carried out. As, moreover, European and American claims against Santo Domingo have been scaled down to equitable proportions, the day is not distant when the Dominican Government will be free from foreign debt. The precedent thus established will undoubtedly be invoked by the creditors of other Latin-American commonwealths, and, therefore, it constitutes a landmark in the development of the Monroe Doctrine. It is, of course, possible, though scarcely probable, that we may be relieved from the burdens and responsibilities entailed by the Dominican precedent through the acceptance by the Hague Peace Congress of the so-called Drago Doctrine, which forbids the forcible collection of contractual debts.

The recession of the San Francisco School Board from its attitude of discrimination against Japanese pupils in the public schools of that city, followed, as it has been, by an enthusiastic reception of General Kuroki and other distinguished subjects of the Mikado, seems to have restored the friendly feeling which had long subsisted between Japan and the United States. Re-

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ports, it is true, still come to us that the promise of the "Open Door" is evaded by Japanese minor functionaries in Manchuria, through discrimination against American and European goods in respect of freight rates on the railways. The Japanese trader, however, is one thing: the high-class official, imbued with the high sense of honor inculcated by the Bushido code, is another. We have no doubt that, so long as our relations with the Tokio Government are cordial, any well-founded complaints of the methods of railway management will receive prompt redress. An interesting report is current that the Mikado's Ministers have intimated to our State Department a willingness to conclude with us an agreement similar to that for which Russia and France are negotiating, and by virtue of which our own title to the Philippines, and Japan's title to Formosa, the southern part of Saghalien and her other conquests in the Far East, would be reciprocally guaranteed. If a like compact should be made by Japan and Germany, it is manifest that the danger of war in Eastern Asia would be averted for a long time to come. In that quarter of the globe, at least, a partial disarmament would then seem to be practicable, though it has now been settled by the action of Germany, Austria and Italy, that, so far as Europe is concerned, the question of a move toward the reduction of armaments will not be mooted seriously at The Hague. It may receive some academic discussion, however. The aim upon which the efforts of the American Commissioners to the Peace Congress will be chiefly concentrated is the adoption of the principle that private property shall be immune from capture at sea, as well as on land. It may be recalled that our State Department, fifty years ago, offered to renounce privateering, if the exemption of private property from capture at sea should be embodied in the Declaration of Paris.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *May* 27. **Philosophy in Fiction.**

THERE are two schools of thought existing to-day concerning fiction and its purposes; the one dominant on the Continent, and the other dominant in the United States and England. It is odd that the English-speaking nations are those who definitely negative the dictum of their greatest prophet. George Meredith has said that only in so far as fiction contained philosophy or theory of life should it live; and yet we, above all other peoples, continue to extol and encourage the novel of swift incident; the slightly built, lightly amusing story which can be read as a soporific, or as a momentary diversion on the trains.

From Holland, from Belgium, from Germany, from France, from Italy, and, above all, from Russia, we get novels of worth and of solid content, largely constructed, deeply conceived, slowly and deliberately written; novels that one reads to enlarge and deepen one's conception of life and conduct. Van Eeden's "The Quest," the trilogy of Fogazzaro, these are books to keep by one, even as the earlier Victorian novel was.

What a world that novel of the mid-nineteenth century offered! What a joy it would be, even to-day, to sit with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, and hear the reading of the "Fall of the Roman Empire"! How one would like to follow Aunt Pullett again through the immaculate darkened rooms of her spacious house to get from the secretary the key that opened the shrouded guest-room and take off the layers and layers of tissue-paper and see the new spring bonnet! What a leisurely joy it would be to take a day in the open with one of William Black's delightful freckled heroines, and see the sunset across the waters! If those books did not seethe with profound philosophy, at least they gave a detailed picture of a large and leisurely life worth living. It required leisure and a

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detached mind to live through them and in them. And we did live in them and they became a part and a parcel of consciousness, a definite enriching of the personal life. But who is the better or, for that matter, the worse or one whit different for skimming through a dozen of the novels concocted to-day? They die before they have fairly become alive and tried their lungs. They serve the idle moment of the passing throng and are done with.

If one might give a few rules to young novelists, one would begin with: "Take three to six years for each book. Forget that there is such a thing as popularity. Write with absolute sincerity from the depths of experience, and realize that all literature depends as much upon form as upon substance. Never be afraid to feel your subject passionately, for passion is life and nothing is farther from true art than cynicism and sophistication."

TUESDAY, *May 28.* Cynicism and Decadence.

NATIONS and enterprises, constructions of all kinds, are built upon faiths. Faith is the foundation of all things. Despairing desire has never accomplished anything but the rending and annihilating of itself; but all accomplishment, all effectiveness, implies a basis of belief. It matters comparatively little what the belief is: all belief builds. To believe in human beings builds character and quality about one; to believe in national honor and greatness builds nations; to believe in civic probity makes a flourishing city. It is not what one believes, so much as the fervor with which one believes, that makes for effective results. The life without conviction is the life that wastes itself. Some belief, to live and to die for, a man must have, or life passes as a stupid and incoherent dream. Cynicism is, therefore, one of the first signs of decadence. In individual character, cynicism means personal deterioration; in a nation, it means decadence. Principles may change, they do and must; objects may shift and aims vary, but some faith, some belief, must remain firm; some glory above personal aggrandizement, some belief in goodness unseen—otherwise, ignominy and collapse are imminent.

It is the prevalence of cynicism in great cities that sets one to wondering how much can be done for the blood and the brawn, and the sturdy continuance of the nation by encouraging country life with its solid attachment to the soil, its close intercourse with

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the immutable laws of nature; its more limited and more profound human ties; its slimmer risk of seeing immorality in great and purple patches. The chances for keeping intact our faith in human nature are greater in small communities. And faith in the outcome of the race is necessary to strength. To accomplish the excellent, we must first believe in it. If there be a country where faith has crumbled and cynicism is broadcast, if there be a country, as our great national philosopher has said, "where knowledge cannot be diffused without perils of mob law and statute law; where speech is not free; where public debts and private debts are repudiated; where liberty is attacked in the primary institution of social life; where the position of the white woman is injuriously affected by the outlawry of the black; where the arts, such as they have, are all imported, having no indigenous life; where the laborer is not secured in the labor of his own hands; where suffrage is not free and equal: that country is in all respects not civil, but barbarous, and no advantages of soil, climate or coast can resist these suicidal mischiefs."

WEDNESDAY, *May 29.* The Youthful Letter-Writer.

SOME of the most delightful literature in the world is found in the form of the unpremeditated, personal letter, and it is a great pity that multiplied activities and appliances are crowding out this long-familiar form. But in every family there is probably still kept the lock-box in which the children's letters are hoarded. Especially when young children are taken to the country every summer, leaving a father behind in the city, the lock-box fills easily, and its contents constitute a good record of the childish struggles with thought, ambitions and powers of expression. As strange, perhaps, as in some after-life our present troubles and worries here shall seem to us, must appear to the big, grown girl her childish confidence to the absent mother: "I don't sleep very well, I have so many things to think of before I grow up—how the months come after each other, how to get change for big money, and how to be polite to strangers." And the same child reported the iniquity of a younger child: "We had for our Bible lesson to-day the 'Blessed Ares,' and baby brother laughed and wouldn't say his, and Mammy sent him out the room 'coz he said, 'Blessed are the meek and they shall have a new master.'"

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The loving six-year-old mother of a family of eighteen dolls sent home to an harassed and overworked father the following genial requests: "Do, please, take care of all my precious dolls while I am gone, and tell Mammy to feed them well and sit by them while they go to sleep, and let them all sleep together in my bed. Tell them I miss them, I miss them very much; and tell my go-cart that, too. And, dear father, will you please have your picture taken for me with Mammy and with all my dolls. But if that costs too much just have a picture of the dolls, for Mother has your picture (I am sorry it looks so cross), and I can see Mammy with my mind's eye, but I want a picture of my dear dolls taken all together and each one separate, just as they are. It does not matter that they are some broke and that the littlest baby has lost her head, I love them just as they are and I want very good pictures, please."

A tiny boy, away on a farm, wrote home: "I saw a cat catch a rat; she just grabbed him with all her finger-nails," and the same little boy, touched by an ardent sympathy for the father in the hot city, wrote: "I ask God every night not to let you have yellow fever. I always say 'Wilt thoust,' so I guess He'll tend to it." The technique of a correct address compassed, he felt that even Deity would be merciful. For the same father, he inscribed a long tale, formed upon the model of such literature as he had absorbed, on the subject of a saint and a friendly beast. The tale ended dramatically: "Then the deer came panting and prancing up to the baby, and seeing it, behold, the deer was tender and wouldn't fight, but he took up the young child and nursed it till it grew to be a fine, large, fat saint."

Once writing becomes a pleasant occupation in itself and an intimate knowledge of the formalities of letter-writing a source of pride, parents are apt to find small notes put about to waylay them all through the day. By the breakfast-plate, for instance: "Dear Mother, If you are not busy please sharpen all my school-pencils and believe me always, ever yours cordially, C."

Even so distinguished a writer as Mrs. Meynell received from an otherwise devoted little daughter the following unkindest cut of all: "My dear Mother, I really wonder how you can be proud of your article, if it is worthy to be called a article, which I doubt. Such a unletterarary article, I can not call it letterature —I hope you will not write any more unconventionan trash."

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